

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 205.—VOL. VIII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped 5d.]

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

Earl Russell at the Foreign Office.
The Campaign in Virginia.
The Oxford Knownothings.
The Times and the Newspaper Press Fund.
The Shipping Interest.
Concerning White Hats.
Public Schools Commission.—No. IV.
Eton: the Blot in the System.

Daniel Defoe, Author of "Robinson Crusoe," as exhibited in his own Correspondence, now first published.
Our University Letter.

THE CHURCH:—
The Cecilian Creed.

FINE ARTS:—
The Photographic Society.
Music.

SCIENCE.

Conversazione at University College.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Mr. Allingham's New Poem.
Military Ends and Moral Means.
Philology in England.
Marion.
Spain.

Hybridity and "Miscegenation" in Man.

The Classification of the Sciences.

The Abolition of Tests.

Text-Book of Photography.

The Layrock of Langley Side.

The Magazines.

Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE Conference has not yet decided anything, but it can hardly be said that its meetings have been without result. The reports which reach us from various quarters compel us to believe that the neutral Powers have practically acquiesced in the Austro-Prussian assertion, that the Treaty of 1852 is at an end, and have consented to occupy themselves with the details of the dismemberment of Denmark. On the other hand, it appears certain that the two principal German Powers have agreed upon a common policy, and are bent—to use an American phrase—upon "putting it through" with the same high-handed defiance of public opinion and of right which has marked their proceedings from first to last. The spectacle thus exhibited is one in the last degree discreditable to Europe and to modern civilization. There might have been some compensation for the tearing up of a solemn obligation and compact, entered into only twelve years ago, if we could flatter ourselves upon the establishment of any principle which would give liberty to Venice and Rome, restore some portion of her rights to Hungary, and lead to an amelioration of the condition of Poland. But if Holstein and the whole or part of Slesvig are torn from Denmark, no one can suppose for an instant that the cause of oppressed nationalities will be advanced one iota thereby. It is apparent to all the world that the name of "nationality" has simply been taken in vain by the two Powers which are, we fear, about to consummate their triumph. Their conduct may afford a pretence for other disturbances of the peace of Europe, and other violations of the independence of secondary States, but it affords no precedent to which any race can appeal against its tyrants in the name of justice, unless it has previously secured the support of those protecting bayonets which give the law to Europe. Everyone knows, that if the whole or a part of the Duchies be erected into an independent principality under the Duke of Augustenburg, this will not be done because their inhabitants had just cause of complaint against their former rulers, but simply because Germany desires a Federal harbour at Kiel, and a Federal fortress at Rendsburg. Let diplomatists gloss over the matter as they may, the fact will remain plainly and palpably visible to the common sense of mankind, that in this instance might has triumphed over right; and that it has done so because the neutral Powers have either been wanting in the honesty or courage to forbid and prevent the commission of an obvious wrong. Whether the Danes will voluntarily become parties to a sacrifice of territory which, standing alone, they are powerless to resist, we know not; but we fear that the whole question now at issue between France, England, and Russia on

one side, and Austria and Prussia on the other, is, whether the whole or a part of Slesvig is to be surrendered to Germany. It is said, indeed, that there is also some difference of opinion as to the fortification of Kiel and Rendsburgh. These points are of comparatively little importance; they are hardly worth contesting after so much has been given up without a struggle; nor does anything which has transpired lead us to think that the neutral Powers are inclined to make a stand upon them. At present, there is no apparent reason why the Allies should bate one jot of their demands. They have hitherto had their own way because they have been in earnest, while other States have been apathetic or indifferent. It is difficult to see why they should now lapse into moderation; nor do we believe that they will, unless the English nation, aroused at the last moment to a sense of its duties and interests, compels her Majesty's Ministers to take up a position worthy of themselves and of the country. If this matter be left to diplomatists, we take it to be as nearly certain as anything can be, that the ultimate result of Earl Russell's Conference will be a formal European sanction of the separation of Slesvig and Holstein from Denmark. When that has been given, the sooner we of the nineteenth century cease to upbraid our forefathers of the eighteenth with the partition of Poland the better.

Mr. Gladstone has found it necessary to explain away the obvious interpretation of his recent speech on parliamentary reform. But, although we are quite willing to believe that he has arrived at the conclusion that his sudden move in the direction of ultra-democracy was premature, it is not so easy for us to convince ourselves that that move was never made; nor can we reconcile Mr. Gladstone's present statement, that the remarkable and elaborate oration in question was a mere impromptu, with his promise made some weeks previously to a deputation of trades-unionists, that he should shortly have something to say upon the franchise, which they would find eminently satisfactory. No doubt we were quite wrong in coupling the two things together; but the mistake was certainly a natural one, seeing that the performance was so complete a fulfilment of the promise. We cannot, however, admit with equal readiness that we placed a wrong construction upon the words of the right hon. gentleman, as they were spoken and reported. After every explanation which can be given of them, the fact remains, that he did, and apparently does still, maintain the abstract moral right of every man to the franchise. He did, and apparently does, still hold the opinion, that it is for those who stand by the present law to make out a case for exclusion, and not for those who seek to extend the franchise to make out a case for admission. It is clear enough that if the argument

be rested on such a basis, and the *onus probandi* be thrown upon the defenders instead of the opponents of the existing system, the latter are placed in a position far more advantageous than that which most practical and tolerably Conservative Englishmen would assign them. They would, in fact, gain exactly the position which the democratic party have always contended for; and their adversaries would labour under all the difficulty which must ever attend the attempt to restrict the exercise of an admitted moral right. It is not wonderful that the public should have given so accomplished a dialectician credit for intending a result which his speech was plainly calculated to produce. And although Mr. Gladstone contends that the qualifications by which he accompanied his broad proposition really deprived it of anything like an alarming character, we must be permitted to observe that he has stated one of those qualifications in his preface far more strongly and explicitly than he did in his speech. We were told, in the first instance, that men might be excluded from the franchise on the ground of moral and intellectual unfitness, or of political danger; but no explanation was given as to what was meant by "political danger." There was no hint that under that vague and general expression the right hon. gentleman intended to refer to the risk which we might run "through the disturbance of the equilibrium of the constituent body, or through virtual monopoly of power in a single class." We are happy to hear that Mr. Gladstone is not prepared to swamp every other class by an indefinite extension of the franchise to working men; but it certainly does not increase our confidence in him as a statesman, that he should, according to his own account, have got up on the spur of the moment, and delivered a long and eloquent speech, which left every one—both friends and foes—under a directly opposite impression. Nor can we accept it as an excuse for words, which, if they have any effect, must have that of reviving a mischievous agitation, that they are but the echo of a strain, with which five years ago we were too familiar. Having then discovered that no one really wanted reform—and having had no reason since to change our opinion—we do not regard it as a recommendation of a new political utterance, that it is only the revival of an old political hypocrisy.

The Chinese policy of the Government, or, perhaps, we ought to say, of Lord Palmerston, has had to sustain another vehement assault from Mr. Cobden. The hon. member for Rochdale showed both prudence, and a sound appreciation of the unpopularity of his views in the House of Commons, by not pressing to a division a motion on which he was certain to be defeated. If, indeed, he had ever any chance of carrying an abstract resolution in favour of a policy of non-intervention in the internal affairs of the Chinese, he must have destroyed it by his speech. For, although there are many members who regret that we should have given indirect assistance to the Imperial Government, and regard our sanction of the Sherard Osborne expedition as a mistake, very few are inclined to abandon our hold on the treaty ports, or to surrender the right of carrying our trade into the interior of China by the Yang-tse river. It might or might not, in the first instance, have been better to establish free ports on a few rocky and barren islands off the coast, than to encourage the growth of prosperous and wealthy European and American commercial settlements at Shanghai and other cities on the mainland. But our merchants would certainly look with extreme disfavour upon any attempt now to change the seats of our trade. Most of those who go with Mr. Cobden a certain length, admit the necessity of defending these treaty ports; and if that be conceded, it is difficult to see in what respect our recent policy has been substantially wrong. No doubt some of our officers have exceeded the strict line of their duty, and have taken a more active part than was desirable in favour of the Imperialists. But it is almost impossible, that while we are maintaining a position which has been conceded to us by treaty, we should avoid giving a certain support to those with whom that treaty was made; especially as it is at least highly probable that its obligations would be repudiated by the lawless host against whom we are obliged to defend ourselves. If we are prepared to take our chance of a thriving and increasing commerce being extinguished by a horde of marauders, we may fold our arms and look with indifference upon the intestine conflicts of the Chinese empire. But if we are not prepared to do this, we must allow our Government and

our officers a certain latitude in dealing with the half-civilized people amongst whom our merchants live and carry on their business. No interference ought to be allowed for the mere sake of interference, with a view to the extension of British influence, or even with an eye to gaining increased commercial facilities. But we must not scan with too nice and captious criticism acts which are directed with *bona-fides* to the protection of our legitimate interests and of the lives and property of our fellow-subjects. It is easy and it is convenient, for the purposes of debate, to accuse the noble lord at the head of the Government of a desire, as Mr. Bright says, "to direct the whole affairs" of China, but no proof has yet been given that he entertains any wish of the kind.

We have heard, with great satisfaction, during the past week, that the Government have purchased the steam rams built by Messrs. Laird. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, every one believes that they were intended for the Confederate Government; and most persons are sincerely desirous that the English shore should not be converted into a basis of operations for either belligerent, by the equipment in our ports of vessels intended to sail thence on a warlike cruise. At the same time, it was impossible not to entertain some misgiving as to the power of the Government to establish in a court of law a case sufficiently strong to enable them, in this particular instance, to discharge the duties of neutrality, as we should wish such duties to be discharged towards ourselves under similar circumstances. It was, at all events, certain that if the matter went to trial, it must give rise to a good deal of irritating controversy. That will now be avoided; the Confederates cannot complain of our purchasing M. Bravay's ships; the Federals must see that we are honestly bent upon fulfilling our international obligations towards them, and the English navy is the stronger by two serviceable iron-clads.

There is an opportunity which, however, we trust, will not be embraced, for getting up another little Indian war. It is certainly annoying that a British envoy, in the person of Mr. Eden, should have been subjected to personal indignity by the barbarians of Bootan, and should have been compelled to execute an engagement to deliver over to them the valuable province of Assam, with all its tea plantations. But we have far more to lose than to gain by sending an expedition to the frontiers of Thibet in order to subdue or punish a rugged race, who are separated from us by mountains, the passes through which are 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It will be time enough to deal with them as they deserve if they should descend from their hills in order to take possession of the new acquisition which they suppose themselves to have made. In the meantime, it will be sufficient to let them know, by some more suitable envoy than a British officer, that we do not recognise their title to Assam, and that, if they try to enforce it, they will be treated with a severity commensurate to the insult which they have offered us.

"Modern Spain" may be "firmly resolved not to allow her sons to be trampled upon nor her flag to be blemished," but she has a very objectionable way of manifesting her intention. Her national revival is certainly accompanied with a revival also of her old imperious spirit and her ancient disregard for the rights of other and weaker States. So far as we have at present the means of forming an opinion, no more flagrant outrage has lately been perpetrated—and this is saying a good deal—than the seizure by one of her admirals of the Chincha Islands, belonging to the republic of Peru. It is true that there have lately been differences between the two States, arising out of the robbery and murder of certain persons whom the Government of Spain profess to think themselves bound to protect. It is possible that these injuries might have justified reprisals, had redress been refused; but it seems that redress was not even demanded in a manner free from insult, since the envoy sent from Spain was entitled in such a manner as to recall the fact that the now independent republic was in former days a colony of Spain. The Peruvian Government waived this point of form; but, before they had time to consider the demands of the ambassador, he assailed them with a charge of raising a loan of 70,000 dollars to make war upon Spain. And this strange conduct was followed up—with a promptitude that clearly showed premeditation—by the seizure of the islands in question. Of course it is said, in the form usual at the present day, that they are only held as a "material

Jun
guara
the in
them
Catho
of a d
gain
former
As
operat
Virgin
very l
last w
telegra
had re
positio
turned
would
by the
fought.
Hanco
that ge
latest a
the Sp
to this
stance p
and in
strengt
taken
cise
meagre
It seem
now to f
was mov
under B
River.
has been
it cannot
conflict

EAD
FROM
step. H
is possib
that it al
Minister
which his
bid all b
Earl Russ
his achiev
on every
introduce
Catholic
posterity
these exc
his declin
tory in
Enough t
ference, a
it embrac
Savoy and
exasperati
and defeat
petency, w
the singul
in them.
and tells
that he b
savage, an
irritated h
Denmark,
though he
rejected it,
accepted it.
adhesion, a
Conference
placently p
"honour an
dently bids
homage to
nation as a
he found
despised,—

guarantee ;" but little doubt can be entertained that it is the intention of the Spanish Government to "revindicate them" as a portion of the ancient dominions of her most Catholic Majesty. There have lately been many indications of a determination on their part to omit no opportunity of regaining by force or fraud some portion, at any rate, of their former American possessions.

As we have discussed in another article the recent operations of the Federal and Confederate armies in Virginia, we may content ourselves here with a very brief notice of the recent intelligence. When we last wrote, we were under the impression created by the telegrams which arrived in the middle of last week, that Lee had retreated from Spottsylvania Court-house to the strong position on the North and South Anna rivers. It has since turned out that Grant did not even accomplish so much as would have been implied in this movement of his antagonist, by the series of obstinately-contested battles which he had fought. A brilliant and successful attack by General Hancock on the right flank of Lee's army did indeed compel that general to modify his position, but, according to the latest advices, the bulk of his army was still to the north of the Spottsylvania Court-house. For some days subsequent to this no movement of importance took place—a circumstance probably due in part to the bad state of the weather, and in part to the efforts which each side was making to strengthen itself. And although some fighting has since taken place, it seems to have been of a very indecisive character, so far as we can judge from the meagre telegrams which have hitherto come to hand. It seems certain that the main Confederate army has nothing now to fear, either from the Federal force under Sigel, which was moving up the Shenandoah Valley, or from that which, under Butler and Baldy Smith, was operating on the James River. Both have sustained severe checks, and the former has been compelled to retreat. Under these circumstances, it cannot be said that the balance of advantage in the recent conflicts is adverse to the Confederates.

EARL RUSSELL AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous there is, we know, but a step. Happily for the ridiculous, the converse is also true. It is possible to push the extravagance of futility to such a point that it almost becomes sublime. This point is reached when a Minister of the Crown, standing amid the universal disasters which his policy has wrought, can proudly fold his arms, and bid all beholders take note that what they see is his work. Earl Russell has till of late been content to let his fame rest on his achievements in domestic politics. He has reminded us on every opportunity on which the reminiscence could be introduced, that he brought in the Reform Bill, and supported Catholic emancipation. It had been well for his credit with posterity had his exertions been limited to the promotion of these excellent measures; but a malign influence engaged his declining years in the pursuits of diplomacy. His history in this new function is too fresh to need recounting. Enough to say that it commenced with the Vienna Conference, and culminates with the London Conference,—that it embraces the negotiations which led to the cession of Savoy and Nice, and the Notes which embittered Russian exasperation against Poland. Such a series of disgraces and defeats might, indeed, be the portion of ordinary incompetency, when combined with inordinate self-sufficiency. But the singular distinction of Earl Russell is that he glories in them. He points to Poland, bleeding, fettered, despairing, and tells us that he has the inward satisfaction of knowing that he bade her despair. He points to Russia, exultant and savage, and recalls with pride the despatches in which he irritated her fury against her helpless subjects. He points to Denmark, prostrated through his counsel, and he boasts that though he told her that she would stand unsupported if she rejected it, he never said that he would support her if she accepted it. He claims credit for maintaining above all things adhesion, at least in principle, to European treaties, and at the Conference which he has summoned to vindicate them, he complacently proposes their abrogation. He asserts that England's "honour and interests" have been his chief care, and he confidently bids us accept the contempt of every free people as homage to our honour, and the hatred of every despot-ridden nation as a guarantee of our interests. It is his triumph that he found England respected, and has made her everywhere despised,—that he found Europe entering on a new era of

peace, and has brought her in every corner to the verge of war,—that he has enlarged France, crushed Poland, betrayed Denmark, and infuriated Germany. These are the results of five years' sway at the Foreign Office, and of these results Earl Russell is proud.

The idiosyncracies of such a mind are, indeed, of interest only in the philosophy of human nature. Hereafter the analyst of character will study with wonder the strange vagaries of an intellect which can find a pleasing sense of well-doing in actions which have wrought such consequences. But the historian will look on the consequences rather than on the mental constitution which has brought them to pass, and we whose fate depends on the facts of which history will be made, must face the position to which such statesmanship has brought us. Assuredly it is unprecedented. When a great cause has ere now been sold, it has been for some gain to the seller. When a nation has been betrayed, it has been for some purpose of the betrayer. But Earl Russell has sold the cause of liberty and respect for treaties in Europe without gain to ourselves, and has betrayed our allies to our enemies for no conceivable object. We have openly abandoned Poland, Circassia, and Denmark, gaining only humiliation in return. We have in succession denounced the conduct of every nation with which we remained allied without more apparent design than to enable Earl Russell to

"Unpack his heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab—
A scullion."

So, under the operation of this strange policy, neutrality brings us no safety; peace, preserved at such sacrifice, saves us from no expense. Our armaments are now almost as great as they were during the Russian war, and the nation, feeling that, with all the world our foes, we are still insecure, has added to them, at incalculable private cost, the Volunteer army. Yet the resources which once made us strong, because known to be wielded by vigorous hands, avail not to procure us common courtesy, now that they are directed by vain-glorious impotence. In former negotiations we have always found allies, because those who felt they had common cause with us knew they could depend on our support. But now we cast our eyes over Europe and see the small States, which would naturally have been our friends, taught by our reiterated abandonment, alienated and distrustful, while the Great Powers hold aloof in ill-concealed satisfaction that they can thus draw from us a confession of our weakness and dependence. In time of war we have hitherto won at least respect from our enemies; it is the peculiar result of Earl Russell's policy that now, in time of peace, we have irritated to ungovernable contempt and anger, even those for whose sake we have endured disgrace and sacrificed honour. And not the least lamentable among its effects is this, that it has at length brought men who, naturally and by reflection, are most fervently opposed to war, knowing best its miserable issues, to the conviction that they must wish for it, as the sole means by which anarchy can be repressed, our honest name restored, and assurance obtained for those common rights of mankind which we could once, by only a firm attitude, have preserved inviolate.

But a miracle even surpassing its scarce credible consequences abroad has been wrought at home by Earl Russell's foreign policy. It is more than a hundred years since a Sovereign of these islands drew on himself personal unpopularity because of his continental predilections. Our policy since then has often fallen into errors, but they were errors which the Crown and people shared, and in which they supported each other. Doubtless, too, within that time, the Sovereign has often felt inclined to adopt a different course, but the wise remonstrance of his advisers has saved him from antagonism to his people. Unhappily, no such safeguard has protected Queen Victoria. So a Cabinet, whose firmness should have warned and shielded her, have succeeded in making a Sovereign, once loved and honoured almost to idolatry, the object now of avowed apprehension. No conceivable consequences of a more loyal course could have equalled the deplorable results of this betrayal of their Queen. If, at the worst, her Majesty, unable to bring herself to accept the counsel of her constitutional advisers, but convinced, by their honest earnestness, that it had the support of the country, had even retired from a position which her private feelings made intolerable, she would have retained the reverent affection of her subjects, made stronger by such an instance of deference to the national will. More important than any personal considerations, the principle of monarchical government would have been by such a course saved from the shock of confessed divergence between the monarch's and the nation's desires. But the weak yielding of

her Ministers has left the Sovereign unwarned of popular opinion, and encouraged her to enforce her individual wishes. For on this head Earl Russell's prevaricating statement in the House of Lords on the 26th of last month, seems now to leave no doubt. Lord Ellenborough explicitly alluded to the prevalent belief, that Government had difficulty in resisting German partialities on the part of the Sovereign. Lord Russell replied that, however much she may have been influenced by her German connections, her Majesty had never refused to adopt the resolutions which her advisers had come to. That doubtless is the truth, for her Ministers are still in office; but it is not an answer to the question implied by Lord Ellenborough, for it does not tell us that the resolutions of the Queen's advisers, which they have submitted to her for approval, have not been moulded in subservience to her known sentiments, and that she has not declared and communicated to foreign Courts her determination to sanction no other policy. Earl Russell has at least capacity to understand a plain charge, and when he evades it he must know that he admits its truth.

Of the constitutional doctrines respecting Ministerial responsibility, on which, on the same occasion, his lordship took his stand, it were superfluous here to expatiate. We pointed out, only a fortnight ago, that the maxim, that the Queen can do no wrong, involves the responsibility of her Ministers even on those foreign affairs in which, by the letter of the Constitution, she is supreme. We recalled instances in which Ministers of the Crown had been impeached for a presumed acquiescence in treaties which the Sovereign had personally directed, and we showed that if no very recent examples of such a penalty could be adduced, it was because the Sovereign had resigned these duties to statesmen who took care to consult the will of the nation before they acted. It would, of course, be preposterous, now-a-days, to threaten a little, elderly, well-meaning nobleman with impeachment. That is a distinction to which the modern representative of the historic house of Russell will vainly aspire. But Parliament has other methods of rooting out feeble incompetence from our councils. It waits only the final demonstration of failure in our vaunted "moral influence," to compel resort to sterner measures. Till that term is come and passed, it is content to leave Earl Russell to exhibit, by apportionment, the truth of the conclusion which the wisest of men drew from his mortal experience. All is indeed vanity and vexation of spirit in every sphere. But in the transactions of the Foreign Office Earl Russell concentrates, in his own person, the whole of the vanity, while the vexation of spirit falls to the nation.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

WHILE the issue of the campaign in Virginia is still doubtful, and the two armies yet remain locked in their fierce and deadly grapple, it may be useful to trace briefly the operations which have conducted them to their present position. We do not intend to venture upon any prediction as to the ultimate result, but such a retrospect as we propose to take will probably furnish some materials for forming an opinion upon the point; and it will certainly facilitate the comprehension of any future movements. Before the campaign opened, Lee, as the general charged with the defence of Richmond on the north side, had to consider by what routes that city might be approached. These were clearly three in number. The Federals might come up the Shenandoah Valley, and penetrate through one or more gaps in the Blue Ridge; they might take the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railway; or, crossing the Rappahannock near Fredericksburg, they might again attempt to march thence directly upon Richmond. In view of these contingencies the Confederate general occupied with his army an entrenched camp between Mine and Mountain Runs on the Upper Rapidan. A glance at the map will show that he was thus in a central position upon the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railway; and within easy distance of the gaps in the Blue Ridge upon his left flank, or of the fords of the Rappahannock towards Fredericksburg on his right. While he could rely on holding the strong ground which he had taken up against any attack in front, he had also the means of moving with facility upon the flank of any force which might endeavour to get round him by either of the two other lines of march we have mentioned. Grant, having his choice of routes, determined to pass the Rappahannock at the same point where Hooker crossed last year, and then—moving round Lee's right flank,—to advance upon Richmond. By this means it was possible that he might compel Lee to fight with his face, instead of his back, towards Richmond; and to fight in such a position that, if the Confederates were defeated, their line of retreat

upon that city would be cut off, while, if a similar misfortune befel the Federals, their line of retreat would still remain open to them. To succeed in this object it was, however, requisite that he should turn Lee's right flank without being perceived (or, at all events, without having to encounter any serious attack), and should then get his troops into line of battle somewhere on the rear of the flank thus turned, and in such a position as to threaten his antagonist's communications with Richmond.

Early on the morning of the 4th, the Federals commenced the passage of the Rappahannock by the Ely and Germania Fords. By evening, the whole army, with the exception of the reserve under Burnside, had crossed, and had advanced to the plank road from Orange Court-house to Fredericksburg, along which and near Chancellorsville they may, speaking roughly, be said to have been posted. Had they been unmolested, they would no doubt have moved on next day in the direction of Richmond. But by this time Lee—the bulk of whose forces were probably near Orange Court-house—had become aware of their intention. On the morning of the 5th, he moved down the Orange and Fredericksburg road, and attacked their left flank. It is almost certain that, on this day, he had only a small body of troops at hand, but he nevertheless inflicted severe loss upon two Federal divisions, and accomplished his main object—that of stopping the Federal march. Grant did not pass round his flank, but was compelled to fight for the possession of the road to Richmond.

The Federal general showed no reluctance to accept the challenge. On the morning of the 6th his army was drawn up across the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road,—the right, under Sedgwick, covering Germania Ford, the centre, under Warren, being at Wilderness Tavern, and the left, under Hancock, being at a point south of the road we have mentioned. The reserve, under Burnside, which had crossed the Rapidan during the night, was in the rear; prepared either to support Sedgwick, or, if necessary, cover the retreat of the army. The whole Federal line was about five miles in length. Before, however, we enter upon the day's operations, we must say a word as to the field of battle. It is a wild tract of thickly-timbered and undulating ground, known as the Wilderness. There are hardly any roads through it; and it is almost impossible to use artillery or to manœuvre cavalry there. What fighting is done must be done with the rifle and the bayonet. To an attacking force it presents enormous difficulties; to one standing on the defence it offers great facilities. But, above all, it is favourable to those who know it as against those who are ignorant of it; to those whose early life has made them active skirmishers as against those who are merely brave and steady infantry soldiers. Lee, therefore, fought under circumstances which gave him a great advantage over his opponent. We shall see how skilfully he turned it to account. Grant did not manœuvre at all; he simply ordered a general advance along the whole of his line. Twice the Federals attacked the Confederate lines, and twice they were driven back with enormous loss. It was then the turn of their antagonists. Lee had evidently observed that Hancock's forces on the Federal left were somewhat separated from the main body (Burnside, it is said, was late in taking his proper position). Massing his forces on his own right, he therefore attacked Hancock with tremendous effect. The Federal left, and even their left centre, were driven back in the direction of Fredericksburg; whole regiments were captured together; and although they succeeded at last in repulsing the Confederates, they did not recover their former advanced position. But Lee had not yet done. He transferred the point of attack from the right to the left wing of the Federals. Directing a strong column against Sedgwick, he outflanked and enveloped his corps, and drove it back with tremendous loss. It is probable that night alone saved the Federals from a still more serious disaster. On the following day nothing of importance took place. Neither side made any attack. After what had recently occurred, Grant no doubt felt somewhat uneasy as he saw a Confederate force hovering about Germania Ford, and thus threatening his line of retreat. Later in the day, finding themselves unmolested, the Federals made a reconnaissance. They then discovered that the enemy was no longer in front, and at ten o'clock at night they started in pursuit along the road leading from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Court-house.

With whom, then, rested the advantage of the two previous days' fighting? Clearly with Lee. For he had prevented the enemy from turning his flank, and by staggering attacks upon each wing of the Federal army he had reduced it to complete inaction for a whole day. That day was sufficient to enable him to concentrate his own forces on a position where

he was no longer liable to be cut off from Richmond, but from which he might, in any event, rely upon falling back on that city. By the battle of the 6th, Lee had gained the power to place himself at Spottsylvania Court-house, directly across the road which Grant must traverse.

So far as we can make out, the Confederate commander took up ground on both banks of the river Po, no doubt following the elevation of the ground, and availing himself of whatever advantages it might afford him. On the 8th the leading corps of the Federal army, under Warren, arrived at Spottsylvania. Under the apparent impression that they were only confronted by a rear guard, they flung themselves upon the whole of Longstreet's and Ewell's divisions, which were then in position. The result was a severe and damaging repulse. The next day (the 9th) was occupied by both generals in completing the concentration of their forces and in getting up supplies. On the following day both armies were, probably for the first time in the campaign, opposed in their full strength to each other; for we do not believe that the whole of Lee's army was engaged in the battle of the 6th, on the Wilderness. It is curious that no very definite statement of their numbers has reached us. But we shall perhaps be correct in assuming that there was no great difference between them in this respect, and that there were from 100,000 to 120,000 men engaged on each side. During the early part of the day Lee remained on the defensive within his lines, which had been carefully entrenched. The Federals made assault after assault with admirable tenacity and courage. But there appears to have been no display of strategy—nothing but sheer hard fighting—until evening, when the Confederates, by a flank movement on their right, captured part of Grant's supply-trains on the Fredericksburg road, and thus prevented the Federals from making a last grand attack with the whole of their forces, including the reserves. It is admitted that the losses in the Northern army on this day were terrible; it is quite certain that they did not gain a single inch of ground. The 11th was another blank day. Both armies were, no doubt, worn down with fatigue by the long and continuous struggle of the day before. At all events, nothing took place beyond some unimportant skirmishing. The 12th opened with the most brilliant achievement which the Federals have accomplished during the campaign. Early in the morning, Hancock, who had changed his position during the night from the right to the left of the Federal line, crept up, under cover of a mist, to the breastworks which covered the Confederate right wing. That he carried these in a moment of surprise, took a considerable number of prisoners, and seized several guns, seems beyond doubt; but it is also clear that he did not inflict any very serious injury on the Confederates. They continued the battle during the whole of the day with unflinching obstinacy, nor is it asserted that they gave ground in any other part of their line. Indeed, it would seem that they patiently regained the ground they had lost on the right wing, for the Northern accounts admit that the Federals were not able to remove the cannon captured by Hancock, and rather imply that some of these were even recaptured by the other side. But although Lee held his ground, his position must have been in some degree weakened by Hancock's success; for during the night of the 12th he certainly altered the disposition of his forces in such a manner as to cause an impression in the Northern army that he had retreated. That he had done nothing of the kind we now know. At the date of the last intelligence he had not even withdrawn his lines to any important extent, but still held the northern bank of the river Po. Up to that time, therefore, Grant had accomplished absolutely nothing. After several days' fighting he had not shaken his antagonist's hold upon the first defensive position which the latter had securely taken up. He had suffered an enormous loss, and one, in all probability, far larger than that on the part of the Confederates. He was confessedly obliged to wait for reinforcements before he could resume his attacks; and having as yet traversed only twenty miles of the distance between the Rappahannock and Richmond, he had still fifty remaining. Even if he succeeds in dislodging Lee from Spottsylvania, there are many other strong positions upon which that general can fall back, and one of these, the carefully entrenched ground at the junction of North and South Anna Rivers, is said to be almost impregnable.

It was no doubt at one time uncertain whether Lee would be able to maintain his ground. A striking success of Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley, or of Butler on the James River, might have compelled the general, whom Grant could not dislodge, to fall back upon Richmond. But there is reason to think that he has no longer anything to fear from either of the quarters we have mentioned. He may concentrate all his

attention on the army in his front; and even if that has been reinforced, it is not likely that the Confederates have received no accession of strength.

Upon the whole, therefore, we see no ground for supposing that the conflict is likely to be resumed on terms more unequal than hitherto. The Confederates are probably somewhat inferior in numbers, but they have the immense advantage of knowing the country thoroughly; and they can hold or fall back upon positions which have been carefully studied, and which they can readily strengthen by earthworks. Above all, they are commanded by a general who is, beyond question, the ablest strategist whom this civil war has produced. We would not say a word in disparagement of Grant. He has proved himself in this campaign a brave, vigorous, and determined soldier. It is impossible not to admire the tenacity with which he has clung to his antagonist, and the bull-dog obstinacy with which, after many failures, he has returned to the charge. But he has given no sign of excelling in the higher qualities of a general. He seems to understand little more of the art of war than consists in hurling his masses on their foe. His movements are of the simplest kind, and exhibit neither variety nor invention. We can hardly think that the North will be able to stand the drain of men which they must bear while a general of this stamp forces his way to Richmond by dint of mere brute fighting. No doubt if they can, he may get there in time—provided he makes no mistakes, and Lee finds no opportunity. How far this is possible we leave every one to determine for himself.

THE OXFORD KNOWNOTHINGS.

THE Oxford Knownothings—a foolish little Conservative society—have sat down to dinner in honour of themselves, and the dinner has been duly chronicled by the Conservative papers in London. The true character of their proceedings is at last displayed. Some months ago, a disingenuous attempt was made to conceal the fact that in this Oxford association we had a politico-religious agitation among the undergraduates of Oxford, set on foot and presided over by older men who ought to know better, by heads of houses, by reverend professors, by members of Parliament, and by embryo Ministers of State. An inaugural dinner has brought them all from under cover. We now know who are the academical personages who do not blush to descend from their chairs and their common-rooms to talk Tory nonsense to as many undergraduates as can be got to listen to them. There were the Presidents of Merton, St. John's, and of Trinity,—there was Archdeacon Denison of course,—there was Professor Burrowes, in his character of clerical Tory boatswain,—there was Mr. Lygon, of "plain song" memory, whose task was the congenial one of presiding over the platitudes of the evening,—there were, lastly, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Mowbray, M.P. Of Sir Stafford Northcote, we may say that "he had too much wit to be there." He was alive, perhaps, to the gross impropriety of University tutors and professors acting as academical fuglemen to this or that political party, and condescending to capture raw recruits for Mr. Disraeli among the immature youth of Oxford. Accordingly, the duty was left to more bustling and less sensible partisans. They toasted themselves, and they toasted the Conservative Registration, and they prophesied the coming glories of the Church, as it will be when once indissolubly united to the fortunes of the Tory party. They were listened to probably with unaffected admiration by the few dozen young gentlemen who had postponed for the night their supper parties and their boating parties, in full belief that England's destiny is at stake, but that nothing need be feared so long as Mr. Lygon and Professor Burrowes are at the helm.

The establishment of a High Church Tory propaganda at Oxford is a thing which—however certain its ludicrous failure in the long run—ought not to be passed over without grave censure on the part of Oxford's real friends. It is only necessary to call attention to the dogmas propounded at the dinner of the "Knownothings" for common sense itself to repudiate the tactics which consist in running down from London to Oxford to teach such mischievous stuff to credulous and silly boys. One learned professor spoke in a strain of deep sorrow of the healthy and moderate reform introduced ten years ago into the studies and system of the University, and more than hinted that Liberal politics are synonymous with latitudinarian religious opinions. Such is the milk provided for the youths of Oxford gratuitously, in addition to the modicum of sound learning for which their guardians pay. Lord Robert Cecil's new political axiom was as remarkable. "No good Churchman exists worthy of the name who is not also a good Con-

servative." This extraordinary proposition he did not hesitate to propound to his audience, who received it apparently in all good faith. It was not going much further to represent the Liberal party as "a body whose main efforts will be devoted to the overthrow of all the institutions of the country, and the Church of England foremost among them." Putting aside Conservative as well as Liberal politics for a moment, we would frankly ask Lord Robert Cecil whether it is desirable that young men should be taught to read history or politics in this frame of mind and temper. We cannot believe it. We should regard it as a misfortune to Oxford if acrimonious partisanship were accepted as the true tone of a statesman, or if students at an early age were to be indoctrinated into the gall of political fury and bitterness. It cannot be right for the peace of the University, or the progress of learning and piety within her walls, that it should be so. Lord Robert Cecil belongs to a party which is fond of denouncing Messrs. Bright and Cobden for the violence with which they treat political problems before semi-educated audiences. He has fallen twice as deep into the very fault himself. He has consented—doubtless with the best motives—to play the part of a demagogue to Oxford undergraduates, to flatter their prejudices, and to excite their passions. It is difficult to conceive of Conservatives of the stamp of Sir Robert Inglis or Mr. Heathcote acting thus; and the disapproval aroused everywhere among moderate men by Lord Robert Cecil's speech at the late Oxford dinner, has only shown that if Conservatives wish to reconquer Mr. Gladstone's seat, they had better choose any candidate rather than Lord Robert Cecil.

As for the part taken among the Knownothings by several of the senior members of the University, we do not scruple to characterise it as imprudent, and calculated as much to injure Oxford from within as to damage her in general estimation. It is not very decorous in clergymen and tutors to be mixing up with their clerical and tutorial work projects for the strengthening of some political party by dinners among the undergraduates. We wish at Oxford to see neither political nor theological fevers, but the calm reign of learning and of industry. There is plenty to be done without unchaining absurd fanaticism about political questions among young Englishmen, who had far better be reading for the schools, or unbending in innocent relaxation. Those who insist on continuing an agitation that ought never to have been begun, should be considered by all sensible people as marked men, disqualified, by their want of judgment and discretion, from holding the highest honour or power in an English university. We might as well have Lord Robert Cecil and the Provost of Eton denouncing Mr. Gladstone as an atheist at "Pop."

THE "TIMES" AND THE NEWSPAPER PRESS FUND.

THE Committee of the Newspaper Press Fund have met the criticism of the *Times* with a reply as temperate as the attack of the leading journal was savage and insulting. For the rebuke thus administered the *Times* has only itself to blame; but unquestionably it has seldom suffered a more stinging defeat. It might have been supposed that in a matter touching what we may term the domestic interests of the Press, the support of the leading journal would have been as essential to the creation of the Fund as its hostility would be fatal. People are apt to form an exaggerated notion of the influence of a journal powerful, indeed, but very far from possessing the overwhelming influence which the uninitiated attribute to it. After all, there can be no better test of the status of a journal than its power to control the interests of the body to which it belongs. The *Times* has shown how willing it was to crush the Newspaper Fund. It gave no report of the dinner at which it was inaugurated. Finding that its silence had not the blighting effect it expected, it attempted to strangle it with a leading article. It brought to its aid letters from an anonymous "M.P.," an anonymous "Country Reporter," dating from Northampton, and another "Country Reporter," who signs himself "Alfred Janes," and dates from Nottingham. But all to no purpose. The committee, in their reply, will not condescend to discuss the question with the editor of the *Times* and his ragged regiment of backers. They say simply, "The Fund is now a fact, and upon its merits and the mode in which it is administered it must stand or fall." They will not even comment upon or remonstrate against the tone of the article in the leading journal. "Public opinion, as represented by the metropolitan and provincial Press, has already been expressed on the subject, and with the judgment so pronounced the committee,

at all events, have no reason to be dissatisfied." This is admirably cool; contrasted with the article in the *Times*, it reminds one of a man strong in the justice of his argument, and not to be moved by the froth and declamation of an opponent who has lost his temper, who combats logic with insult, and calls names when he is beaten upon facts.

This is the true mode of meeting an attack made in the most ungenerous spirit, but already signally punished by the success of the Fund in spite of the *Times*. That success gives the committee a vantage ground, of which they have most happily availed themselves. They endeavoured to secure the co-operation of the leading journal. That co-operation was refused, and the committee did without it. On the 4th of May last, their secretary wrote to the proprietors of the *Times*, requesting them to allow their name, "as one of our prominent newspaper proprietors," to be placed on the list of subscribers. We admit that there was a marked indiscretion in this mode of designating the status of the leading journal. The committee should have dwelt eloquently, and, of course, humbly, on the vast influence of the *Times*, on its power to make and unmake, on the ubiquity of its presence, and the certainty that with its aid the Fund would prosper, and that without it it must die. To describe those who inspire it as only "one of our principal newspaper proprietors" was an assertion of the importance of other newspaper proprietors which was unpardonable; especially so when we consider how clearly the position of the men who petitioned the leading journal had been defined in a communication addressed by Mr. Mowbray Morris to the committee so far back as the 18th of February, 1860. In that letter Mr. Morris contended "that the individual members of the newspaper press ought to provide for their own wants and necessities in ordinary cases, and that in extraordinary cases the master whom they have served should supply that provision which sudden or prolonged illness," &c. The master whom they served! This was the language addressed by one of the Editors of the *Times* to men of education and talent, for whose high position the leading journal professes itself now so anxious, lest the Fund should damage it. We have always understood that a man who is fit to do the work of a gallery reporter must possess an intellect and attainments above the average of intellectual and educated men. There are reporters in the gallery who, if men were estimated according to their merits and not by the accidents of Fortune, are the equals of any of the proprietors or editors of the *Times*. And, in fact, many of the most readable columns of the leading journal have been and are filled by the "servants" and not by the "masters" of the establishment. But if Mr. Warren, the Secretary of the Fund Committee, has been correctly informed, it is not always that "the master whom he has served" is willing to supply to the "servant" that provision which sudden or prolonged illness has rendered necessary. In a letter addressed on Friday week to the *Times*, Mr. Warren writes:—

"I have now lying before me an appeal to the committee, dated from a foreign capital on Saturday last, the day on which our inaugural festival was held, in which the writer says:—'My claim I think a legitimate one. For thirty years you know I have been connected with high class papers. For eight years I was on the *Times*, and previously I was — of the —, &c.' 'I am in a position of great need and difficulty.' 'The sum I ask would extricate me, as I have another immediate engagement in view.' 'I should have been a member, but there was an objection at the *Times*.' I am ignorant of the merits of this case, and, of course, under our rules we cannot relieve the applicant, he not being a subscriber to the Fund; but I presume, now that I have brought the case to their notice, the managers of the *Times* will take it into their consideration."

The real question at issue in the controversy between the *Times* and the committee is this—Is the Newspaper Fund necessary? Of this the committee are the best judges. They know the hardships of the profession to which they belong better than their "masters" can know it. They have had before them cases "of gentlemen suffering from paralysis, from softening of the brain, from blindness, and of gentlemen removed suddenly from the world, with no friends but their colleagues on the Press" to help those they have left behind them. Unless these men, after their hard toil, after the incessant strain upon mind and body, shown by the nature of the afflictions from which they suffer, are to go to the workhouse, a fund must be established for their relief. Such a fund cannot be created by newspaper men alone; their incomes will not permit it, and their only resource is an appeal to the community at large. Who is to make it? Although the *Times*, as a "master," is necessarily in too exalted a position to know anything about the members of the committee, their fellow "servants" appear not only to know them but to confide in them. They were unanimously elected at the most numerous meeting of contributors to newspapers

Jun
ever
they
they
num
edito
nine-
thoug
and
whic
bilit
neces
eviden
anony
and t
being
which
"as th
We
dignit
morni
delicat
of the
society
them
dange
the P
influe
should
We pu
to see
subject
troubli
"We
the con
Penn, t
mittee,
War Of
sub-edit
Times."
THE
manufa
building
and W
fitable
launched
building
be built
mous a
the war
carried
in forei
this rev
nitide
may be
worth
vessels.
and in
352,000
foreign
is wide-s
of Amer
sister cr
that is t
of insecur
and dan
marine
The Ger
commerc
German
The r
also larg
terest.
those of
first qua
sterling.
The st
ticularly
ping. S
of railwa
years:—

ever held in London; and it is but fair to presume, that if they had not been entitled to speak in the name of the Press, they would not have been elected. The Society they represent numbers amongst its members a very large proportion of editors and reporters on the London Press, and more than nine-tenths of the Parliamentary reporters. They themselves, though only twelve in number, represent five daily newspapers and two weekly papers. Is this an answer to the imputation which the *Times* has so wantonly made against their respectability? Shall we accept the testimony of these men to the necessity there exists for the Fund, or shall we throw their evidence and their characters overboard, and put our faith in the anonymous "M.P.," the "country reporter" at Northampton, and that noble-minded "Alfred Janes" of Nottingham, who, being one of the "provincials," is happily free from the jealousy which would otherwise keep him from acknowledging the *Times* "as the head of the English Press?"

We are glad to see that the committee have, with becoming dignity, refused to defend the Parliamentary staffs of the morning papers from the imputations of corrupt motives, so delicately suggested by the *Times*, as likely to be a consequence of the Newspaper Press Fund. It is not from a benevolent society, instituted to cheer the old age of reporters, or help them in their hour of need or sickness, that we apprehend any danger to the independence, any taint to the high honour, of the Press. We dread such results rather from an abuse of influence where its exercise is beyond control. If the "servant" should be above suspicion, still more should the "master." We published last week a paragraph which we should be happy to see contradicted. It has an immediate bearing upon the subject under consideration, and that must be our apology for troubling our readers with it again:—

"We are informed that some changes have recently taken place in the constitution of the Armstrong and Whitworth Committee. Mr. Penn, the eminent engineer, who was formerly a member of the committee, has resigned, and, on the nomination of Mr. Whitworth, the War Office has appointed in his place Mr. Macdonald, for many years sub-editor, and now manager of the printing department of the *Times*."

THE SHIPPING INTEREST.

THE British shipowner is living in the present; the cotton manufacturer in the future. We are assured that the shipbuilding yards of the Thames, the Mersey, the Clyde, the Tyne, and Wear, never presented a scene of more active or more profitable industry. Every day new timber and iron vessels are launched on all our great shipbuilding streams. The iron shipbuilding yards are particularly active. New ships cannot, indeed, be built fast enough. The American war has thrown an enormous amount of American trade into English bottoms. When the war broke out, two-thirds of the American commerce were carried in American vessels; in 1863, three-fourths were carried in foreign (principally English) bottoms. The completeness of this revolution cannot be realized without a glance at the magnitude of the figures. The foreign trade of New York in 1860 may be taken at 368,000,000 dollars, of which 248,000,000 worth was carried in American, and 120,000,000 in foreign vessels. As the war went on the proportions were reversed, and in 1863 the total amount of commerce was at the rate of 352,000,000 dollars, of which 260,000,000 worth was carried in foreign bottoms, and only 92,000,000 in American vessels. This is wide-spread loss and sweeping ruin to the mercantile marine of America. The actual damage done by the *Alabama* and her sister cruisers is estimated at not less than £3,000,000. But that is the very smallest part of the loss. The general feeling of insecurity, and the high rates of insurance to cover capture and damage, have, it is calculated, injured the American marine to the extent of between £20,000,000 and £30,000,000. The German war has operated in the same way—driving the commerce of the belligerent States, and especially of the German Powers, into neutral bottoms.

The remarkable increase of the foreign trade of the country also largely contributes to the prosperity of the shipping interest. The exports of the first three months of 1863 exceeded those of 1862 by a million sterling. But the exports of the first quarter of 1864 exceeded those of 1863 by nine millions sterling.

1862.....	£26,423,763
1863.....	27,561,204
1864.....	36,667,381

The steam coal trade in the northern ports has been particularly brisk, and it gives employment to a great deal of shipping. So does the export of railway iron. Take the exports of railway iron during the first three months of the last three years:—

1862.....	£182,530
1863.....	596,206
1864.....	755,084

The large profits made during the last year or two by shipbuilders and shipowners have naturally turned into this channel a portion of the joint-stock projects of the day. "Limited Liability" is daily working vast changes in commerce and finance. As the annual surplus wealth of the country—which, in a great degree, represents the profit of the trade of the country—is estimated at £200,000,000, it is natural that a considerable portion of it should seek remunerative investment in shipping enterprise. Hence we have had the Alliance Ship-owning and Shipbuilding Company (capital, £600,000), established to purchase the ships and shipping business of Messrs. Smith, as well as of a freehold dockyard at Limehouse, the property of Young, Son, & Magnay. It is announced that "all the ships, as well as the dockyard, are in full operation." Of a similar character is the Humber Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company (capital, £1,000,000), to purchase the extensive iron shipbuilding establishment of Martin, Samuelson, & Co., of Hull. It is stated that orders for ships exceeding 20,000 tons are now in hand, and that these can be turned out in a year. To meet the increasing demands, however, it is proposed to enlarge the works. The Milwall Iron Works, Shipbuilding and Graving Docks Company (with a capital of £2,000,000), is a colossal undertaking of this character. Glasgow follows in the wake with its Clyde Engineering and Iron Shipbuilding Company (capital, £500,000). Within the last day or two we have a prospectus of the Tyne Iron Shipbuilding Company (capital, £400,000), to purchase the shipbuilding establishment and dockyard of Messrs. T. & W. Smith, at St. Peter's, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Other joint-stock shipbuilding projects are in agitation, both in London and at the outports. They show not only that capital is abundant and greater than the wants of commerce require, but also that private shipbuilding operations may be advantageously merged into public enterprises on the joint-stock system of limited liability.

The activity of the shipping interest may likewise be traced in the new steam and navigation companies. Among them may be cited the London, Italian, and Adriatic Steam Navigation (capital, £500,000); British and South American Steam Navigation (£1,000,000); Netherlands India Steam Navigation (£300,000); Liverpool, Quebec, and Montreal Steam Navigation (£1,000,000); Channel Steam Ship Navigation (£250,000); Liverpool, Melbourne, and Oriental Navigation (£200,000); Clyde Steam Ship Company (£200,000), &c.

In this sunshine of prosperity there appears in the distance the cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Our sea-going mercantile marine exceeds that of any other country. The increasing use of steam and iron promises (say our shipowners) to give to Great Britain an annually increasing proportion of the carrying trade of the world. But we must keep out of war. It is not enough to shut up the fleets and blockade the ports of an enemy, if she can succeed in commissioning a small number of swift steam cruisers like the *Alabama*. After a few captures, merchants and assurance companies become alarmed. Up go the sea-risks, and before long our sea-carrying trade would inevitably be transferred to neutral flags. The Liverpool shipowners have just signed a petition to the House of Commons with the view, first, of representing the enormous injury to the shipping interest of this country which would be caused by an interference in "foreign troubles or quarrels;" secondly, to pray for such an alteration in the Foreign Enlistment Act as may prevent the construction in British ports of ships destined for the use of belligerents. They declare that we ought to deprecate the precedent set by the *Alabama* and her sister ships in the exact ratio of our shipping and mercantile wealth. They recoil with dismay from the losses, direct and indirect, which threaten such vast interests in case of hostilities. It may, however, be doubted whether any alteration in our Foreign Enlistment Act would avert such a paralysis as has fallen upon the mercantile marine of the United States.

The shipping interest is peculiarly liable to alternations of sunshine and gloom. Less than twenty years ago the peace of the metropolis was menaced by a procession of "protected" seamen, who carried their grievances to the Minister at Whitehall, and told him their tale of distress and want of employment; they afterwards benefited largely by the increase in our exports and imports, consequent upon the Free-trade measures of Sir R. Peel. The Russian war next created a sudden demand for transports, and millions of the public money flowed into the pockets of shipowners who had vessels large enough to carry soldiers, stores, and coals to the Crimea. This sudden gleam of prosperity naturally gave a stimulus to ship-

building, and could not, without transports; with soldiers return cargo the usual art meeting of to represent which they the varied a Another turn of employment at this moment is such a thing and, after a There is an United States during then re-posed trade of the companies can profit

An Indian habit of his enemies present the gift to Aj ruin, and place, an beasts together consequent works irre of the neig not least—difficult to being men of expense to make a consistent into socie till in the ruptcy. England—Bankrupt elephant's task he h a beast. is to the been to t buy a wh in itself, Providen look the purchase prepared Upon with the to keep the seas vestment may not existence white h bushel. inevitabl eyeglass moustac as to liv necessiti the rest respond meanly three ti first un conceiv some d an omni graded hesitate in any to expo

building, and, when peace was made, the shipping interest could not, without disturbance, adapt itself to the altered state of things. The Indian Mutiny caused a renewed demand for transports; but when the ships so taken up arrived at Calcutta with soldiers and ammunition, they found a difficulty in getting return cargoes, in consequence of the diminished production of the usual articles of Indian export. In 1859 we had an aggregate meeting of shipowners and shipbuilders at the London Tavern to represent the alarming depression of the shipping interest, which they said "threatens the ruin of all who are engaged in the varied and extensive pursuits connected with navigation." Another turn or two of Fortune's wheel has given them plenty of employment at remunerative freights. But a word of caution at this moment ought not to be regarded as ill-timed. There is such a thing as over-production in ships as well as in cotton, and, after a feverish flush of prosperity, a reaction is inevitable. There is an opinion among monetary men that the war in the United States will be in some manner brought to a termination during the present year. The American shipowners will then re-possess themselves of their former share in the carrying trade of the world, and British shipowners and joint-stock companies may find themselves with more vessels than they can profitably employ.

CONCERNING WHITE HATS.

AN Indian potentate, not unknown to story, was in the habit of taking a mean and ungenerous revenge upon those of his enemies whom he particularly disliked. He used simply to present them with an elephant. The gift was like Hector's gift to Ajax. It irrevocably wrought their social and moral ruin, and led to the downfall of their entire house. In the first place, an elephant of character eats more than several wild beasts together, being an animal of a homely disposition, and consequently of a large appetite. In the second place, he works irreparable mischief in trampling down the plantations of the neighbours, and in exasperating their temper. But—last, not least—comes a still more serious drawback. It is extremely difficult to live up to an elephant. Possessing an elephant is like being member for a large borough: it involves you in all kinds of expenses, and poisons your mind with the fatal determination to make a social splash. The owner of an elephant could not consistently adopt a retiring and secluded life. He was hurried into society, he was led from extravagance to extravagance, till in the end he was brought slowly but certainly to bankruptcy. In Oriental climes, bankruptcy is not what it is in England—the sure prognostic of a successful commercial career. Bankruptcy in India is social disaster and calamity; and the elephant's master knew, when it was too late, what an awful task he had taken upon him in trying to live up to so splendid a beast. It may, perhaps, be safely asserted, that a white hat is to the Englishman only what a white elephant might have been to the Bengalee. It is not everybody who can afford to buy a white hat. The difficulty is not the price of the hat in itself, but what it leads to, and where it may be destined by Providence to end. In these days of vicissitude, it is well to look the matter fairly in the face. Those who are about to purchase white hats ought at least to do so with their minds prepared for the worst, and with their eyes open.

Upon the whole, it appears tolerably certain that it takes—with the strictest economy—as much to keep a white hat, as to keep a couple of hunters in the country, and an opera-box in the season. Matrimony itself is a scarcely less formidable investment. Marriage is a lottery. A wife of a rare disposition may not care for fashion, and may prefer a domestic and retired existence; but the unhappy man who has consented to lead a white hat to the hymeneal altar cannot hide himself under a bushel. A white hat is not a lottery, and its evils are tolerably inevitable. In the first place, it involves the necessity of an eyeglass—some white hats, indeed, can only be worn with a moustache; yet it is nearly as hard to live up to a moustache as to live up to a white hat itself. In the second place, it necessitates a social tone and an aggressive bearing towards the rest of society which cannot be supported without a corresponding expenditure. Of course it is easy to do the thing meanly; but the consequence of this is contempt and disgrace three times as considerable as if one had never ventured on the first unfortunate attempt at ostentation. It is very easy to conceive how it all works by conjuring up a fancy picture of some daring traveller with a white hat upon the knifeboard of an omnibus. Nobody has probably seen a white hat in so degraded a position. A man of feeling and of delicacy would hesitate before assuming the responsibility of being the actor in any such scene. The immediate effect of doing so would be to expose himself to the derision of his fellow-creatures, who

would not scruple to tell him, that if he were indeed the possessor of a white hat, he ought to have behaved himself accordingly. It is therefore clear that niggardliness and unfashionable rusticity, under similar circumstances, would be both indecent and intolerable, and that England expects every man with a white hat to do his duty. Whether or no a white hat is even compatible with anything like strict devotion to a profession or to a calling may be questionable in the extreme. A man cannot serve two masters. He cannot unite the mode of life of a young nobleman to the sedentary pursuits of a lawyer or a merchant. How can he possibly work for his livelihood, and frequent the clubs, the races, and the parks? To have a white hat and not to wear it, would be to rest unburnished and not to shine in use; nor is an expensive tailor by any means the most costly consequence which it entails. A white hat requires to be aired regularly in the middle of the day. It is fond of whitebait, and it delights in dry champagne. It eats its head off periodically at Greenwich. Its bright home is frequently the Star and Garter. If it has any self-respect, it cannot afford to neglect Ascot or the Oaks. It is, therefore, a solemn source of anxiety to the partner of its choice; and if matrimonial felicity has its clouds, it must be confessed that bachelor existence has its expenses and its cares.

The most melancholy consideration connected with the subject of a white hat is that it never changes, and that no reform is possible when once it is launched upon its way. Nobody ever has heard of a white hat cutting down its expenses and retiring into private life. Where do white hats go to when their career of dissipation is over? The answer to the problem is unknown. Their career of dissipation, in all human probability, never ends. Like the elephant, they may change owners, but they are ruinous to all in succession to the last. When white hats have irretrievably injured the temporal welfare of their earliest possessors, we may trace them for a little distance, and see them, like the upas-tree, poisoning all around them. The white hat, indeed, has its conventional stages, like human life, through which it passes, withering and blighting the financial prospects of all across whose path it is thrown. First, there is the early purchaser—young, handsome, joyous. The white hat takes him to the Derby, and the Derby, perhaps, takes him to the Jews. When the prime of its first youth is over, the white hat next passes into the hands of the driver of the Hansom cab. It is a sad thought, that it never seems to bring him a blessing. Frequenters of the metropolis know by sad experience the tone and disposition of the "white-hatted" Hansom driver. He is of a worldly, blasé, and exorbitant disposition. He loiters about fashionable thoroughfares. Living, doubtless, beyond his means, he cannot afford to drive anywhere for less than half-a-crown. From the Hansom the white hat falls in succession to the possession of the "four-wheeler," then it sinks to the crossing-sweeper, and last of all it degenerates to the Irish beggar. In all, it connotes or creates a dreadful tendency towards jaunty dissipation. It is as perfectly certain that a crossing-sweeper with a white hat has been a sporting character in his day, as that an Irish beggar with a white hat knows something about thimble-rig. It is not that the white hat in its nature is vicious: it is only that, like the elephant, it is difficult to live up to such an ornament; that it is dashing, speculative, and extravagant. Nor is this character drawn from imagination. Who has ever seen a miser wear a white hat, unless, indeed, it be to blind society to his faults? He cannot do it. It is repugnant to his temperament; for, though white hats are understood to be as cheap at the outset, in the event they are fifty times dearer than their rival black. They are light, they are airy, and they are comfortable; but they seem to have an awful tendency to undermine the human character. It is the duty of every honest man to pray to be preserved from the temptation of buying them. They seem to be the first downward step in moral and economical decline. A man who once hesitates is lost; and it is to be hoped that all who earnestly wish to keep within their income will hurry past the seductive localities where danger lurks in the shop-windows without a fatal glance to right or left. The philosopher has insured himself against one of life's greatest perils who has steadily resolved to stick to the conventional colour. The black hat may be hot, it may be ugly, but, at least, it is not bound up with the prospect of financial ruin.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

NO. IV.—ETON: THE BLOT IN THE SYSTEM.

In the eulogistic but somewhat vapid declamation on public schools, delivered by Earl Stanhope, last week, in the House of

Ju
Lor
class
few
stan
Com
ad
the
worl
well,
orato
wealth
they
gentr
count
Were
of rel
still n
same.
privat
the p
in the
comm
look f
abilit
that t
Englis
must l
ture, e
pursui
means,
profess
are abs
mouth
their sy
Ther
looked
insisted
whole g
leave so
we do
their w
public s
and tie
when th
at Eton
Yet ind
immense
were of
six hour
perfectly
18; and
mend th
We adm
tageous
which a
only trai
be confir
and the
another
foundati
rests," ac
but it is
that whe
beyond t
injured if
sioners b
Eton boy
petence o
at the U
mean to c
foundati
kept idle
foundati
required t
Judeus!
The fac
and disput
have learn
the practic
of 16 or 1
would at o
mischief o
of 18 or 1
we must s
12 or 14.

Lords, his lordship expressed himself strongly in favour of classical studies as the chief basis of education. On that head few will be inclined to dissent from him. So far as we understand them there is no difference in that respect between the Commissioners and his lordship. In common with both, we admit that, upon the whole, these schools have prospered under the old and exclusive discipline; that they have sent into the world men of action and ability who have served the nation well, and taken their place among its most eminent statesmen, orators, and scholars. Considering the social station and wealth of the boys who frequent these schools—considering that they are almost exclusively drawn from those ranks of the gentry and aristocracy who form the governing classes of the country, it would be strange if the result were otherwise. Were their education more defective than it is, were the hours of relaxation, on which Earl Stanhope energetically insists, still more increased, the result we believe would be much the same. Brilliant orators and statesmen do not come from private schools, however well conducted, and why? Because the parents of such boys belong in general to a different class in the community. They have their livelihood to gain by commerce or some profession, and cannot afford the expense or look forward to public life as the natural theatre for their sons' abilities. We will even concede more than this; we will allow that these schools have furnished brilliant names to the lists of English authors, if not the most brilliant. But here again it must be remembered that in a busy country like this, literature, except in the lower forms of its drudgery, is an expensive pursuit. It cannot be followed exclusively without private means, or otherwise than as an accessory to some business and profession, by which the chief energies and brains of the man are absorbed. Such arguments, then, as these, repeated from mouth to mouth by the advocates of our public schools and their system of education, are altogether beside the question.

There is another element in the discussion entirely overlooked by most of the disputants on either side, and scarcely insisted on by the Commissioners. And yet it is one on which the whole gist of the question turns—we mean the age at which boys leave school for the University. The Universities, for reasons we do not now care to investigate, discourage admission within their walls of young men under 18 or 19; and yet the great public schools continue precisely the same routine of instruction, and tie boys down at 17, 18, or 19, to the same grinding as when they used to leave school at 14 or 15. The age of boys at Eton, and other great public schools, varies from 10 to 19. Yet indiscriminate partisans, like Lord Stanhope, talk of "the immense importance of sufficient recreation,"—as if all boys were of the tender age of 12 or 14—as if five, or, at the most, six hours a day of ordinary study, with which they had grown perfectly familiar, was an excessive hardship on boys of 17 or 18; and he is amazed that the Commissioners should recommend the frightful additional labour of French and English. We admit that a good classical education is not only advantageous to boys, but upon the whole the best initial training to which a boy can be subjected; but whether it should be the only training—and still more, whether that training ought to be confined exclusively to subjects which, improving the taste and the memory, give no scope to the reasoning faculties, is another question. We admit also that "the solid classical foundation on which the public school system of England rests," according to Lord Stanhope, ought not to be impaired; but it is purely gratuitous on his lordship's part to assume, that where boys have no taste for classics, or have grown beyond the exercises of their school, that system would be injured if they were set to learn something else. The Commissioners bring forward undeniable evidence of the idleness of Eton boys, of the insufficiency of their training, of the incompetence of many of them to pass the commonest examinations at the Universities or at Woolwich. Does Lord Stanhope mean to contend that it is indispensable "to the solid classical foundation" of our public schools, that these boys should be kept idle and ignorant? Or can he suppose that *their* classical foundation is likely to receive irreparable injury, if they be required to learn a little English or a little French? *Credat Judæus!*

The fact is that the Eton system is very good and very bad; and disputants on both sides will wrangle for ever until they have learnt this truth. If the Universities would go back to the practice which prevailed fifty years ago, and admit students of 16 or 17, half the evil of which the Commissioners complain would at once disappear. The great and almost incalculable mischief of our public schools is the admixture of young men of 18 or 19 in the same society, studies, amusements, and, we must say, the same luxury and dissipation, with boys of 12 or 14. As the rules of a school must be uniform, this

inconvenience immediately arises: the same restrictions and the same indulgences are meted out to the elder and the younger. Lads of 18 or 19 cannot be governed by the same rigid hand as children of 10 or 12; so the general discipline of the school is relaxed in spite of all the efforts of the masters; indulgences and vices creep in which no authority can restrain; and younger boys copy the licence of their elders the more greedily, from an inherent spirit of imitation and rivalry. The authority of the masters—except in a few definite offences—is purely nominal. They are at the mercy of the boys, and dare not interfere. The real power rests in the upper forms; and theirs, in fact, is the ultimate appeal against which Provost, Head Master, or Assistant Masters struggle in vain. The spirit which prevails in the school, be it good or bad, depends entirely upon them. They constitute an aristocracy more powerful, and, on the whole, more beneficial, than has ever been exemplified in any page of history. At the same time, it would be vain to deny that it is a narrow and bigoted aristocracy, proud and tenacious of its privileges, defiant of all reforms. If its overwhelming influence is exerted in keeping up the prestige of the school, it is equally exerted in preserving those abuses which deprive the school of half its usefulness, and so far retard its career.

Until the age of 16, no training for boys is better than that of Eton; and that mainly because Eton attempts so little. It wisely makes no demand on a boy's faculties, except those which every boy spontaneously exercises, if he exercises any—his memory and ingenuity. It brings out the former by enjoining repetition tasks to a greater extent than any other school; it develops the latter by Latin verses. The habit of committing to memory hundreds of lines of the best Latin poets cannot fail to train and form the taste on the very best models; and the constant practice of imitation in verse stamps these early impressions still more deeply on the mind of the boy, and rivets his attention to minute elegancies of structure, style, and metre, to the use and weight of words,—a training which has gained for Eton scholarship, so far as it goes, the palm over every rival. But then this excellence is dearly purchased. Admirably adapted to the boy of 16, after that age a different *pabulum* is required. Memory and imitation—never the highest faculties—soon become merely mechanical. The better powers of the mind are left unoccupied; they dwindle and dwarf, and at the last are utterly extinguished. And, what is much more deplorable in the Eton system, from the pertinacity with which it is rigidly carried out by the authorities, the nobler powers of the mind are left unemployed and untrained at the very time of all others when it is most important that they should be cultivated; at the season when they are most fresh and vigorous; when they demand new matter and new scope. From 16 to 18 the Eton method of study is as pernicious as before that age it was beneficial. If it is monstrous to develop the reasoning and reflecting powers in a child, and neglect his memory, it is as equally monstrous to attempt nothing else than to train the memory and imitative powers of young men, and treat them in this respect precisely as children. And this is the reason why education at Eton bears such lamentable fruits, and minds of great pith and promise in the first stage of their career fall off at the next into helpless imbecility. More young men of promise have been utterly ruined at Eton from this foolish pertinacity to a good custom, which, like all good customs, corrupts when it is out of season, than in all the other public schools of the kingdom.

If, then, the Head Master of Eton is resolved to retain the Eton system in its integrity, he has but one alternative—either to allow no boy to remain at the school after 16, or to divide it into school and college, not as now for foundationers and non-foundationers, but as separate establishments under distinct masters, for boys below and boys above 16. If he will not, and perhaps cannot do either, he must adopt the recommendation of the Commissioners, not perhaps this year or next year, but eventually that recommendation must be acted on. It is idle to deprecate, like Lord Stanhope, any innovation on "the solid foundation of classical learning." If there be one point more clear than another, in the careful evidence taken by the Commissioners, it is this: that so far as concerns the great mass of the oppidans, that solidity is a delusion; it has crumbled already and broken down. Even Mr. Balston reluctantly admits "it is not satisfactory." This result is not to be traced to the recommendations of the Commissioners, or to any reforms introduced by them; they have introduced none; but to obvious causes; and these causes every year become more powerful, and their effects every year more visible. Whilst Eton remains immovable, the Universities have changed. Its system of training was calculated for men whose sole path to distinction was the Church or the University; now the majority of its

pupils are in professions of either Latin is but a practical code not valued as a preparation for a career in the world. The old system of Eton is a relic of the past, but they will not give up the old system against the new every year. Eton scholars.

Admission to classical education is a great public evil. It is no reason to say that no ability is shown in the position, his modern studies are a lad of 16, which he derives no advantage from or 12 to 17. English literature, especially the University or professional are bound to some course of study, which may have an intimate relation to the instruction in the

It may be said that in preparation time, it is of value of the forced, in modern au

DANIEL
AS EX

Of the doubt. The other evidence has been loathsome could have his own copy of Defoe's but that they have been set on. A dissenter his first Dissenters says, "for party, and tions upon for, or how time that Ruined and tender, as he was em all men the veteate op maintainer if not his the Tory p until his de though he done much yet in this works: "1720; "M "Journal displaying of his inve for, like m We can minister of of Stephen as he did b So strange

pupils are indifferent to both, and care nothing for the distinctions of either. In boys intended for business occupations, professions, and even trade, where Greek confers no benefit, and Latin is barely needed, in vain will Mr. Balston strive, in a practical country like this, and in an age when learning is not valued except for its visible utility, to create an enthusiasm for classical scholarship, and even for Latin verse. There may be a few strong swimmers in the gulf who will help to keep up the old reputation of the school—some few collegers or aspirants to University fame who may win their way to distinction—but they will be at a discount; the spirit of the school will be against them; the majority will not care for these things; every year the wine will become more mixed with water, and Eton scholarship be a thing of the past.

Admitting, then, that it may be desirable that a sound classical education should form the basis of instruction in our great public schools for all boys up to a certain age, we can see no reason why after 15 or 16, when a boy has displayed no ability and no taste for Latin versification or Greek composition, his attention should not be directed to other and more modern studies. What can be more pernicious than to compel a lad of 16 to plod wearily through a course of reading, of which he can perceive no utility, and from which he in reality derives no advantage? If it may not be proper for boys of 10 or 12 to decide for themselves what studies they shall pursue, at 16 or 17 a greater latitude may be justly permitted them. English literature and French may be introduced with advantage, especially in those cases where boys are not intended for the Universities, but go from school at once to some business or profession. Nay, we contend that the school authorities are bound by every consideration to provide such boys with some course of instruction, before they are committed to the world, which shall turn whatever little Latin or Greek they may have acquired to some account; and by showing them the intimate relation between ancient and modern literature, justify the instruction given them, and show how it may be turned to use in the business of life.

It may be that a good training in the classics is the best preparation for mastery of their native tongue; at the same time, it is equally true that no man so thoroughly recognises the value of the old, grand classical models, as he who has been forced, in a measure, to test their worth by a comparison with modern authorities.

DANIEL DEFOE, AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE,"

AS EXHIBITED IN HIS OWN CORRESPONDENCE, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

"Unabashed Defoe!"—POPE.

Of the authenticity of the following letters there can be no doubt. They are entirely in the hand-writing of Defoe. On any other evidence less valid, less authentic than this, we should have been loath to believe that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" could have descended to the baseness and dishonesty revealed in his own correspondence. It has seemed strange to the admirers of Defoe that not only his merits should have been left unrewarded, but that the persecutions to which he was exposed should have been set on foot by those whose principles he professed to espouse. A dissenter, born of dissenting parents, a Whig of the first water, his first and his worst troubles emanated from the Whigs and Dissenters in the reign of Queen Anne. "I fell a sacrifice," he says, "for writing against the rage and madness of the High Church party, and in the service of the Dissenters. I will make no reflections upon the treatment I met with from the people I suffered for, or how I was abandoned even in my sufferings at the same time that they acknowledged the service I had been to their cause." Ruined and thrown into Newgate for writing against the Pretender, as he says, and for rendering the Jacobite cause ridiculous, he was emancipated and his pardon procured by Bolingbroke, of all men the most unflinching partisan of the Pretender. An inveterate opponent of the high-flying Tories, an uncompromising maintainer of the succession of "glorious King George," his chief, if not his only friend, was Harley, Earl of Oxford, the leader of the Tory party. After 1714, when the Whigs came into power, until his death in 1731, in a spunging-house, or something like it, though he made loud bids for favour, and as a party-writer had done much to deserve it, not an iota of favour fell to his lot. And yet in this period he produced his greatest and most popular works: "Robinson Crusoe," in 1719; "Captain Singleton," in 1720; "Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "Colonel Jack," in 1722; "Journal of the Plague," the same year, and a variety of others, displaying the fecundity of his genius and the wonderful rapidity of his invention. It cannot be said that Defoe did not need relief, for, like most other wits of his age, debt was his normal condition. We can hardly believe that Sir Robert Walpole, the potent minister of the day, was insensible to his claims, or that the patron of Stephen Duck, the inspired thresher, who bethumped poetry as he did his oats, was indifferent to the diviner doggerel of Defoe. So strange a fate, a return so inconsistent with Defoe's apparent

deservings, have set the ingenuity of his admirers on the alert; and various have been the speculations of his modern biographers to account for Defoe's universal unpopularity with his contemporaries. All parties were alike indifferent to his fate; or, rather, all were ready to join in the cry against him. If Pope, the confidant of Harley and Bolingbroke, hitched him into the "Dunciad," Oldmixon, the most virulent of Whig partisans represented the conduct and motives of Defoe in the most unfavourable colours. The Tories did not believe him to be sincere when he wrote against them; the Whigs were equally convinced of his insincerity when he professed adherence to Whiggery. Yet if Defoe had any principles, they were certainly not those of the former; and if his reiterated professions, made after the power of the Whigs was established, may be credited, he was sincerely attached to the house of Hanover.

We have neither time nor inclination at present to enter upon an examination of the ingenious apologies made by late writers in his defence. Suffice it to say they amount to this,—that he was misunderstood by his friends and his enemies. His modern admirers, wiser than his contemporary, have discovered that what the latter took for serious was banter, and Defoe's political writings must be interpreted by the rule of contrary. They will have us believe that whatever Defoe wrote in opposition to his avowed principles he wrote under so grave a cloak of irony, that his dull-witted friends did not perceive he was taking their part, but gravely imagined it was the assault of an enemy, and persecuted him accordingly. A very unhappy fate, certainly, for a wit and a man of genius, to attack his enemies with so much art as to make all the world believe he is defending them, and support the cause of his friends with so much appearance of ridicule as to leave them with the impression of being their worst foe. One has heard of foolish parents putting on an ugly mask and frightening their children into fits, under the notion of giving them a pleasant surprise; but that a man of genius, like Defoe, should have so far miscalculated his own powers, or the intelligence of his readers, as to offend universally when he intended to please—that he should have re-enacted, not once, but frequently, the part of the ass in Æsop's fable, and more than once have subjected himself to a severe drubbing for his unseasonable pleasantry—is scarcely creditable. We are inclined to think that his contemporaries were not wrong in their estimate of his character,—that what they took to be serious was serious in Defoe's primary intentions, though it afterward suited his purpose, when parties changed, to avoid the charge of tergiversation and political apostasy, to represent his meaning as irony and banter. Gross as this conduct may appear, and suggestive of that epithet, "unabashed Defoe," fastened upon him by Pope, we know not, with his letters before us, what other interpretation can be reasonably given to his conduct. The man who could write these letters could have no great value for political honesty, nor be very scrupulous in the means of advancing his own interests. But it is time to turn to the letters themselves.

It will be seen by a reference to their dates that they apply to a period of Defoe's life of which nothing has been hitherto known. In the reign of Queen Anne he had been sent, by the instrumentality of Harley, into Scotland to watch and report measures touching the Union. He committed his observations to paper, and they are full of that peculiar talent in which Defoe excelled,—pithy and pointed descriptions of the chief actors who took part in those momentous debates. In the course of his observations the writer had represented the party of the Cavaliers in favourable colours; he had even ventured to present his patron, Godolphin, and the Duke of Marlborough in an odious light as eclipsing the dignity and authority of the Queen. The work was not ready for publication until 1714, when George I. had ascended the throne; the Tories were now in disgrace, and the Whigs had monopolized the King's favour. With a baseness, happily singular in the annals of literature, Defoe printed his work and published it anonymously, for reasons which will appear afterwards. But in order to neutralize any favourable impressions on behalf of the party by whom he had been employed and make his peace with the Whigs, he prefaced it with an introduction, written in the spirit and tone of a Whig, professing the utmost abhorrence for "a set of men in both kingdoms" who had the same felonious intentions towards their country "and been a constant dead-weight upon the Revolution." He pretended that the book had come by accident into the possession of the publisher, and had been designed by some Tory high-flyer "for the triumph of another day," when liberty and the Protestant religion would have been extinguished; and, therefore, every expression favourable to the Tory and High Church party was the servile praise of an author hostile to the real interests of his country. Next year (1715) appeared a defence of Defoe's public conduct, evidently emanating from himself, though ostensibly given to the world by his publisher, left incomplete, and so artfully worded that whilst it defended his intimacy with Harley, the Whigs and dissenters were led to believe that Defoe had remained faithful to their principles. It concluded with this solemn appeal: "I cannot doubt but some time or other it will please God to open men's eyes. A constant steady adhering to personal virtue and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to Him—has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire."

With this solemn protest on his lips, Defoe continued not only a Tory ostensibly, but, as such, was the conductor of a journal in the interests of the Tories. As such he offered to sell himself and his principles to Walpole and Townshend, then omnipotent in royal favour. His own account of his interview with the latter

exposes a piece of rascality we will not trust any other words than his own to describe:—

"In considering, after this, which way I might be most useful to the Government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear, as if I were as before under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of disguise than if I appeared openly." On this understanding, alike discreditable to Defoe and his employers, he was to manage the Tory paper in such a way as that the style should continue Tory, "the party be amused, and the sting of it taken out." So, whilst to his employer and his readers Defoe represented himself as an enemy to the Government, and estranged from the Whigs, he engaged to do all in his power as editor, to bring all attacks upon the Government into contempt, and betray the secrets of the paper he was employed to conduct. In his own words, "whilst the journal should pass as a Tory paper, it should be disabled and enervated so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government."*

Unluckily for Defoe, Walpole and Townshend, by one of those intrigues which prevailed in the time of the first George, were ousted from favour, and Stanhope and Sunderland took their places. To the latter, Defoe now addressed himself, avowing his base association with their rivals, and claiming his promised reward. How long he continued at this dirty and disreputable work we cannot say. A traitor on all sides, it is probable that on the return of Walpole to power, Defoe was no longer countenanced. But we must now leave the letters to speak for themselves:—

DANIEL DEFOE TO —.†

I.

SIR,—Though I doubt not but you have acquainted my Lord Stanhope with what humble sense of his lordship's goodness I received the account you were pleased to give me, that my little services are accepted, and that his lordship is satisfied to go on upon the foot of former capitulations, &c., yet I confess, sir, I have been anxious on many accounts with respect as well to the service itself as to my own safety, lest my lord may think himself ill served by me, even when I may have best performed my duty.

I thought it therefore not only a debt to myself, but a duty to his lordship, that I should give his lordship a short account, as clear as I can, how far my former instructions empowered me to act, and, in a word, what this little piece of secret service is, for which I am so much a subject of his lordship's present favour and bounty.

It was in the ministry of my Lord Townshend, when my Lord Chief Justice Parker, to whom I stand obliged for the favour, was pleased so far to state my case, that notwithstanding the misrepresentations under which I had suffered, and notwithstanding some mistakes which I was the first to acknowledge, I was so happy as to be believed in the professions I made of a sincere attachment to the interest of the present Government, and, speaking with all possible humility, I hope I have not dishonoured my Lord Parker's recommendation.

In considering, after this, which way I might be rendered most useful to the Government, it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear as if I were, as before, under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of disguise, than if I appeared openly, and upon this foot a weekly paper, which I was directed to write in opposition to a scandalous paper called the *Ship Shifted*, was laid aside, and the first thing I engaged in was a monthly book called *Mercurius Politicus*, of which presently. In the interval of this, Dyer, the news letter-writer, having been dead, and Dormer, his successor, being unable by his troubles to carry on that work, I had an offer of a share in the property as well as in the management of that work.

I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable piece of service, for that letter was really very prejudicial to the public, and the most difficult to come at in a judicial way in case of offence given. My lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my service in that case, as he afterwards did.

Upon this I engaged in it, and that so far, that though the property was not wholly my own, yet the conduct and government of the style and news was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his lordship the sting of that mischievous paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the style should continue Tory, as it was, that the party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the design: and this part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

This went on for a year, before my Lord Townshend went out of the office; and his lordship, in consideration of this service, made me the appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further allowance as service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose goodness I had many years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this service and appointment annexed; and, with his lordship's approbation, I introduced myself, in the disguise of a translator of the foreign news, to be so far concerned in this weekly paper of *Mist's* as to be able to keep it within the circle of a secret management, also prevent the mischievous part of it; and yet neither *Mist* or any of those concerned with him have the least guess or suspicion by whose direction I do it.

But here it becomes necessary to acquaint my lord (as I hinted to you, sir) that this paper, called the *Journal*, is not in myself in property, as the other, only in management; with this express difference, that if anything happens to be put in without my knowledge which

* *Mist's* paper was a Tory journal. It would appear, from the terms of Defoe's letter, that he had drawn in *Mist* to be a party in this arrangement. Whether this assertion of Defoe is to be believed, and whether *Mist* knew the secret of this negotiation, may be questioned.

† These letters appear to have been addressed to Mr. de la Faye.

may give offence, or if anything slips my observation which may be ill taken, his lordship shall be sure always to know whether he has a servant to reprove or a stranger to correct.

Upon the whole, however, this is the consequence, that by this management, the weekly *Journal* and Dormer's letter, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same nature of management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no mischief or give any offence to the Government.

I beg leave to observe, sir, one thing more to his lordship in my own behalf, and without which, indeed, I may one time or other run the hazard of fatal misconstructions. I am, sir, for this service posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged High Tories—a generation who, I profess, my very soul abhors; I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against his Majesty's person and Government and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it; I am obliged to take all the scandalous and, indeed, villainous papers that come, and keep them by me as if I would gather materials from them to put them into the news; nay, I often venture to let things pass which are a little shocking, that I may not render myself suspected.

Thus I bow in the house of *Rimmon*, and must humbly recommend myself to his lordship's protection, or I may be undone the sooner, by how much the more faithfully I execute the commands I am under.

I forbear to enlarge. I beg you, sir, to represent these circumstances to his lordship in behalf of a faithful servant, that shall always endeavour to approve his fidelity by actions rather than words.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

Newington, April 26, 1718.

DEFOE.

P.S.—I send you here one of the letters stooped at the press, as I mentioned to you, as to the manuscript of Sultan Galga; another villainous paper, I sent the copy to my Lord Sunderland. If the original be any service, it is ready at your first orders.

II.

SIR,—I am extremely concerned that the *Journal* of this day has copied from the Post-Boy that ridiculous paragraph of the Pretender's being in the list of the Queen Dowager's legitimate children, and I have spoken my mind very freely to him of it.

But, sir, I think, in consequence of what I wrote last to you, it is my duty to assure my lord that I have no part in this slip, but that Mr. *Mist* did it after I had looked over what he had gotten together, which it seems was not sufficient; and though I would, if I may presume so far, intercede for him, yet my lord may be assured I have no concern in it, directly or indirectly. This, sir, I say, I thought myself obliged to notice to you, to make good what I said in my last, (viz.) that if any mistake happened my lord should always know whether he had a servant to reprove or a stranger to punish.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

May 10, 1718.

DEFOE.

P.S.—He has renewed his promise to me he will be more wary, and I do think verily it was not done maliciously. But that I leave as I find it.

Addressed to — De la Faye, Esq., Present.

(To be continued.)

THE Comte de Paris married the Princess Marie Isabelle, the daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, in the Roman Catholic chapel at Kingston, on Monday last. All the Foreign Ministers, with the exception of the French representative, were present, as were the Earl of St. Germans, Earl and Countess Russell, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde, General and Lady Peel, Lord Houghton, Sir R. Murchison, &c. All the members of the Orleans family were present, with the exception of the Duchess d'Aumale, who was prevented by indisposition, and besides these were numerous relatives, and connections, and political friends.

MR. ABRAHAM CROWLEY, the brewer of the famous Alton ale, has just died, at nearly seventy years of age.

It is said that the Confederates captured at Mansfield two waggons loaded with paper collars, and that General Dick Taylor returned the collars through a flag of truce, with a letter to General Banks, in which the facetious rebel said—"I have boiled, baked, and stewed these things, and can do nothing with them. We cannot eat them. They are a luxury for which we have no use, and I would like, therefore, to exchange them for a like quantity of hard tack."

THE Dorsetshire papers record the death of Mr. Robert Gordon, the oldest magistrate in the county, and for many years an M.P. His commission as magistrate is dated 1810.

ON Thursday afternoon se'nnight, a gentleman, riding in Rotten-row, was thrown from his horse. The Prince of Wales, who was riding in the vicinity, galloped to the unfortunate gentleman's assistance, and was the first to render necessary help.

THE accidental explosion of a gun during the drill of the D battery, 3rd Brigade R.H.A., at Bellary, April 5, killed four men and wounded seven others. Thirteen horses were wounded, three of whom had to be shot on the spot.

ON the 10th of June the Crystal Palace will have been opened ten years. During that period it will have been visited by the extraordinary number of more than fifteen millions and a quarter of persons.

THE Rev. W. Dannett, rector of Naunton, Beauchamp, Worcester, dropped down dead in the Regent-circus, Oxford-street, on the evening of Friday week. He was picked up and conveyed to Middlesex Hospital, but life was quite extinct.

THAN I
propo
Princ
no ob
Edwa
Sir
clain
variet
to re
Unive
have
bation
West
acclan
Camb
faithf
taken
upon
diver
consi
sacred
every
small
marty
subj
amou
is ins
the ne
being
backw
boat
insult
toward
make
that a
Mast
attem
that
been
carrie
gener
gentl
Certa
of w
such
peer
credi
was n
sity,
woul
under
unan
shoul
cause
rather
grace
and o
may
to gi
on fu
to m
extin
We
system
sit do
any
betw
Mast
of A
The
long
if th
pellin
them
is on
neigh
the v
with
part
mino
They
and
rep
Th
chan
actio
secon
alrea
prod
defer
One
to thi

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE, May 31, 1864.

THE Senate-house has to-day been a scene of more excitement than has been witnessed for many months. A list of graces was proposed for conferring honorary degrees on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit. The list includes many names to which no objection could be raised. Such men as Lord Palmerston, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Stanhope, Sir William Page Wood, Sir Charles Eastlake, Dr. Watson, and Mr. Wheatstone have good claims to the highest compliments the University can pay. The variety of these claims shows that there has been an attempt to represent the various classes, whose eminent members the University may fitly delight to honour. Another name, it might have been thought, would have secured equally unanimous approbation; that "*vir excimius, Arthurus Penrhyn Stanley, Decanus Westmonasteriensis*," would, surely, be carried by acclamation, if acclamation were possible in the grave and reverend Senate of Cambridge. It was not so to be. There are a few gentlemen still faithful to the creed of their forefathers, that no step ought to be taken by which any honour, however slight, should be conferred upon any man, however distinguished, who holds opinions diverging, to however small an extent, from those which they consider orthodox. Of course, such gentlemen consider it a sacred duty—we hope they do not esteem it a pleasure—to take every means of expressing their antipathies. To vote in a small minority would only give a certain delicate odour of martyrdom to an act otherwise agreeable. To argue on such a subject is, of course, impossible. The duty of displaying a certain amount of toleration and liberality on these occasions is one which is instinctively felt by most gentlemen; any one who is devoid of the necessary faculties of perceiving it by himself is incapable of being argued into perceiving it. You might as well argue with a backwoodsman against chewing tobacco on the deck of a steam-boat as prove to a thoroughgoing partizan that he ought not to insult the Dean of Westminster on account of a suspected tendency towards liberal opinions. Fortunately, the insult is one which makes only the insulter ridiculous. It was, however, understood that an attempt would be made to throw out the grace, and several Masters of Arts came up from a distance to insure the failure of the attempt. It was, indeed, generally understood in Cambridge itself that the failure was certain, or there would doubtless have been a still larger attendance. As it was, the grace was carried by 120 votes to 19, a sufficient indication of the general opinion of the University. A small number of gentlemen took a different way of signifying their annoyance. Certain honorary degrees had been proposed, the recipients of which were thought by some to have few claims to such a distinction beyond that conferred by the possession of a peerage. Now, to be a respectable duke or marquis is certainly a creditable thing; but respectability *plus* a peerage ought not, it was maintained, to extract a special compliment from the University, if unconnected with other titles to distinction. The graces would, however, have passed without opposition, had it not been understood that Dean Stanley's degree was not to be granted unanimously. If any of the degrees were to be contested, it should be shown that a nobody with a title should have to show cause for his position as well as the somebody without one. This rather eccentric movement, however, had but little success. Two graces which were nonplaceted received some 130 votes in favour, and only 5 in the one case and 4 in the other against them. It may therefore be doubted whether the lesson which it was meant to give to the Council will be fully appreciated. Let us hope that on future occasions all the nominees may be distinguished enough to merit the honour, and that bigotry may have become an entirely extinct quality.

We may remark, in passing, on the singularly objectionable system of taking votes in the Senate-house. The Masters of Arts sit down on long rows of benches, which are thickly crowded when any interesting vote is expected. The two Proctors have to steer between one row of Masters of Arts' backs and another row of Masters of Arts' knees, their pathway generally consisting of Masters of Arts' toes, and to mark down ayes and noes on a slip of paper. The disadvantages of this process are twofold. First, it is a very long business. The vote might be taken in a quarter of the time, if the house divided or walked past the Proctors, instead of compelling the Proctors to explore the labyrinth of gowns and hoods themselves. Secondly, the voting, though supposed to be public, is only half public. A man's vote is only known to his immediate neighbour. It would probably be better if some kind of record of the voting was kept; and certainly it would be agreeable to know, with more distinctness than we now do, the composition of the two parties. It would have been an improving spectacle to see the minority who opposed Dean Stanley standing openly forwards. They would have had the pleasures of quasi-martyrdom enhanced, and the majority would have understood what parties they represented.

There were two more contested votes; the first concerning that change in the library which I mentioned in my last letter. The action of the syndicate was approved by a large majority. The second vote was on the scheme of the B.A. syndicate. I have already spoken of this question, which has, since my last letter, produced a new crop of pamphlets and fly-sheets—of elaborate defence by the syndicate, and of vigorous attack by their opponents. One of the pamphleteers pathetically appealed to the University not to throw away the results of nearly two years' labour. I hope that

this has not been done. In the first place, I can scarcely believe that the labours of the syndicate, although doubtless extending over nearly two years, can have occupied many members of that body for many hours during the time specified; if so, the results are scarcely proportionate to the abilities and labour of the workers. It would be an awkward question: if it takes twelve men to produce such a result in twenty-four months, how much can each of them do in a day? In the next place, I hope that, although the present report has been rejected by a majority of 54 to 47, some use may still be made of their results. The fact is, however, that long as the consultations of the syndicate may have been, the question has not yet excited in the University an interest commensurate with its importance. A change in the present poll system is strongly desired, even by a majority of those who voted against the present scheme. But a full discussion of a subject of so much importance to the studies of the place should precede the adoption of so complete a change as that proposed, and insure its being made in the right direction. The broad ground upon which the proposal now made was rejected, was its presumed tendency—first, to divide the honour and the poll course by still greater barriers than at present; and secondly, to put a premium upon the poll course, by exacting a shorter term of residence from students who do not take honours. There were various minor objections raised, which I shall not now notice. I shall content myself with observing that the more this subject is discussed, the more will its importance be felt, especially in its relation to the whole system of instruction at the University.

The whole of Cambridge is, of course, palpitating with the excitement produced in loyal breasts by the approaching visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by the various festivities devised to celebrate the event. Before this is published, an account of their success will have reached your readers in the daily papers. To them I leave the task of describing the glories of the Fitzwilliam ball, of the ball in the Neville's Court of Trinity, and of the various ebullitions of enthusiasm which will doubtless proceed from members of the University and from the rustic population of the district. I only hope that the cold rain which is steadily pouring down as I write, may show that it has more respect for princes than the sea had for Canute. Some steady-going residents have been frightened at the flood of population which is about to inundate our peaceful dwellings. The sight of tents erected where no tents should be, of gaspipes profanely insinuating their way into the galleries of the Fitzwilliam, and of barriers erected even across the sacred Senate-house Passage, are almost too much for their nerves. One or two are reported already to have fled from a University that for the time seems given up to a spirit of general intoxication; others intend to remain carefully "spiced in" in their rooms, fearing lest profane intruders should desecrate their hearths. These, however, are but rare exceptions. There will be a sufficient influx of visitors to crowd every college, and to raise lodging-house keepers to unheard-of attempts at extortion. Happy is the man who, having a friend with a spare bed, has had the forethought to engage it before it has been forcibly seized by some houseless wanderer. As the time for the visit has been now wisely fixed during the residence of the undergraduates, we may be confident that whatever else is wanting, it will not be noise. A few undergraduates who were in the Senate-house gallery this morning, signalized their presence by vigorous cheering at every vote given for the Dean of Westminster. When their numbers are multiplied tenfold, and cause of enthusiasm intensified in an equal degree, I fear that their welcome will be slightly vociferous. In another week, however, Cambridge will be sinking into its Long Vacation repose; noisy undergraduates and placid dons will soon be airing their lungs in every county of England and every capital of Europe; and materials for a correspondence will become gradually imperceptible, till the advent of October again rouses us into vitality.

THE CHURCH.

THE CECILIAN CREED.

IN these days of theological doubt and scepticism it is something to have a sure and certain theological test to fall back upon in case the Articles are either too heavy or too light a burden. Lord Robert Cecil has at last discovered truth. He will go down to posterity as the inventor of a fortieth Article, side by side with the inventors of the other thirty-nine. The Cecilian Creed, like the Athanasian, ought to be universally promulgated, and ultimately to find its way into the Prayer-book. It is so exceedingly simple, and so uncompromisingly damnatory. "Nobody," says Lord Robert Cecil, "can be a good Churchman who is not a Conservative." It seems the very thing needed. "I believe in the Conservative party," might be the one formula destined to be the protection of orthodoxy, and the safeguard of the Church. The idea is worthy of Mr. Disraeli in his younger days. Coningsby might have given vent to it in his conferences with Sidonia; Vivian Grey would have caught at it as the thing "wherewith to touch the conscience of a king." It has, however, been reserved for Lord Robert Cecil to be the philosopher who has discovered this touchstone of eternal verity—"This is the Tory faith,

which, u
perish ev

It won
servative
cause of
go on tell
and that
and Lord
it seems
the Chu
servatism
Robert Ce
the Church
Mr. Neate
ceivably b
a good cry
most do n
Were ever
well-being
as a part
party vote
weakened
might be, f
not likely t
be made th
battle; no
matters th
Church aga
increase up
those of th
the Church
not a fixed
spirit of fide
mind in a s
should be th
perfection to
liable to def
quiet and te
this kind be
sow political
wind. Plan
will be a har
Lord Rob

be deeply in
the debate on
Dodson's Bill
for a lay Un
second reading
of the Church
They felt th
measure mig
the shoulders
ening the hol
tions of cler
separate foun
theological to
be taken as
doubter to be
are supposed
destined to b
Articles they
Church hersel
her members.
practical resul
even at Engl
a man may
his college.
the entire ac
on divinity in
Mr. Dodson's
demical offices
Church of E
Articles—be l
allowed to be
all, a body that
proposed by Ce
a Bill of this k
selves into an c
designedly sow
The Bill, perha
Tests Abolition
of respectable
one side to vote
at once on the o
of a very simpl

which, unless a man keeps wholly, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly."

It would, perhaps, be extremely satisfactory to the Conservative party if they could persuade the country that the cause of religion and of Conservatism were identical. They go on telling us that Conservatism is necessary for the Church, and that unless Lord Derby is in office, with Lord Malmesbury and Lord John Manners in his train, piety and orthodoxy are, it seems, in danger. Conservatism is, perhaps, necessary to the Church, because the Church's name is wanted by Conservatism! It is a fair and inevitable question, whether Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Disraeli can be of half the importance to the Church that the Church may be made to them? What Mr. Neate calls a "revival of religious politics" might conceivably be of some use to a political party that depends upon a good cry. But those who care for the Church of England most do not wish to see this "revival of religious politics." Were every single proposition that affected the discipline and well-being of the Church of England to be fought for as a party measure, with party cheers and by means of party votes, the Church of England must, in the end, be weakened by it, though it is possible that the Tory party might be, for the moment, gainers. Hector's best friends are not likely to be anxious that Hector's body should needlessly be made the subject over which Greeks and Trojans shall do battle; nor, indeed, is a Conservative policy in ecclesiastical matters the policy most clearly calculated to strengthen the Church against her foes. The wants of the age change and increase upon us; the particular dangers of the age are not those of the preceding—the world persists in altering, even if the Church wishes to remain the same. What is desirable is not a fixed principle of *inertia*, so much as a wise and loyal spirit of fidelity and of reform at once. To preserve a sound mind in a sound body—*mens sana in corpore sano*—is and should be the object of every National Church; and to ascribe perfection to an institution which, like all human institutions, is liable to defect, is neither the proof of a statesman nor of a quiet and temperate thinker. Least of all should questions of this kind be mixed up with politics. Every time Churchmen sow political dissension, they reap, and will reap, the whirlwind. Plant the dragon's teeth of party spirit, and the crop will be a harvest of enemies, armed and bristling to the teeth.

Lord Robert Cecil's creed is, therefore, a creed calculated to be deeply injurious to the Church. The vote which followed the debate on Wednesday is an exact illustration of this. Mr. Dodson's Bill for the modification of the subscription necessary for a lay University degree at Oxford was supported on its second reading and its third reading by some of the best friends of the Church of England in the whole House of Commons. They felt that, with certain amendments in committee, the measure might remove an unnecessary theological test from the shoulders of laymen, without in the slightest degree weakening the hold of the Church upon the University. The questions of clerical and lay subscription rest on two entirely separate foundations. A clergyman is bound to have studied theological topics, and his incapacity to subscribe may perhaps be taken as *prima-facie* evidence that he is too much of a doubter to be a teacher in the Church. But laymen neither are supposed to study nor do study theology, nor are they destined to be teachers or preachers. With the Thirty-nine Articles they have usually but a slight acquaintance, and the Church herself does not impose this test of subscription upon her members. Why are the Universities to do so? The practical result is one of the grossest anomalies ever known even at English Universities. Without signing the Articles a man may be a fellow, a lecturer, and a tutor of his college. He may govern and influence a third of the entire academical body—he may even, we believe, lecture on divinity in his college lecture-room; but, in any case, Mr. Dodson's Bill distinctly excepts from its operation academical offices that at present are confined to members of the Church of England. But unless he signs the Thirty-nine Articles—be he layman or be he priest—he is not to be allowed to be a member of Convocation; which is not, after all, a body that has anything but a simple veto on the measures proposed by Council. The course the Conservatives take about a Bill of this kind is a characteristic one. They lash themselves into an excitement on the subject. A general feeling is designedly sown abroad that this is a "Church question." The Bill, perhaps, got an unfortunate name. It is called the Tests Abolition Bill—a name enough to damn it in the eyes of respectable gentlemen. Up come the country gentlemen on one side to vote against it; up come the dissenting members at once on the other side to vote for it. The moderate promoters of a very simple and moderate reform find themselves the very

centre of a pitched battle. The Tory party suffer in the end a merited defeat, and it is falsely supposed by outsiders that the Church is beaten with them. The animosity, the virulence, and the reputed disaster are all due simply and solely to politicians, such as Lord Robert Cecil and his friends. They have chosen to struggle for a small and somewhat unimportant abuse, as if the cause of the Church were at stake. What wonder if they nearly succeed in teaching ignorant people that the Church and abuses are in the same boat? This is the triumph of the Cecilian creed. We confess to a preference for the old Thirty-nine Articles over the new Fortieth. The former may have their drawbacks, but for the Church to accept the latter would be to court enmity and trouble. When the Church can only say "I believe in Conservatism," there will be few left beyond Conservatives to believe in the Church.

THE Bishop of London consecrated the new church of St. Paul, Bethnal-green, on Saturday evening—the first time in the diocese of London that such a ceremony has been performed at that time of the day, the object being to suit the convenience of the working classes. After the consecration the Bishop preached from Rom. viii. 22, 23, and adverted to the misery which sin was causing in that crowded neighbourhood. The church, which has been erected at a cost of £4,000, is capable of accommodating about 900 persons, and a district has been assigned to it out of the parochial divisions of St. Matthias and St. Thomas, the Rev. James Swinbourn, previously curate of St. Matthias, being appointed the first incumbent. On Sunday morning the Archbishop of Canterbury preached in the church on behalf of the building fund.

IN *Gell v. the Birmingham Burial Board*, a case decided by the Queen's Bench last week, the question arose as to the rights of sextons or parish clerks in regard to interments in new burial-grounds under the Burial Acts. These acts provide that every incumbent of a parish for which a burial-ground is provided shall have the same rights and authority for the performance of service over parishioners in such burial-ground, and shall be entitled to receive the same fees which he has previously enjoyed and received; and that the clerk and sexton of such parish shall, "when necessary," exercise their functions, and be entitled to receive fees in an analogous manner. The plaintiff is clerk and sexton of the parish of St. Philip, Birmingham. In 1863, there was a new burial-ground established in Birmingham, and there was some arrangement with the incumbents of the different parishes as to fees; but as to the clerks and sextons, their right to officiate or to receive fees was altogether disputed, on the ground that, as persons were appointed to exercise such functions at the burial-ground, their services were not "necessary" within the Act. The Court were clearly in the plaintiff's favour, holding that the words "when necessary" meant when his functions were necessary.—*Guardian*.

FINE ARTS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE photographers have brought together a tolerably good selection of examples of their art, which are established at the Gallery of the Society of Female Artists in Pall Mall. The collection is not so large nor so varied as that of last year, which was exhibited in the spacious galleries of the Suffolk-street Society of British Artists, on account of the smaller size of the room; but, as affording good specimens of the perfection to which photography has been brought in some departments of the art, the exhibition is well up to the mark of last year. In some other respects it seems to indicate, if not a falling off, certainly no advance since the last exhibition of the society, in the scientific development of the subject. There are, for example, no specimens of what can be done in obtaining colour by photography directly from the action of light upon chemically-prepared surfaces. From time to time we have heard of these achievements with a vague sort of promise that the photographer would soon be painting in the true colours of life solely with the pencil of the sun dipped in his mysterious chemicals. But we have as yet still the same ghostly kind of landscapes with their skeleton trees, wonderful enough as specimens of anatomical botany, and so far acceptable for their very prosaic version of Nature's grand poem, but, considered in the light of landscape art, they are not particularly pleasing. Photography has its mission, no doubt; but most assuredly landscape is not likely to be one of its successful fields. Foliage, which is as great an ornament to the face of the earth as beautiful hair is to the face of men and women, becomes transmuted into a strange, hard material, as if the trees were all suddenly petrified, and the whole appearance is as inanimate and stiff as those odd compositions which form the landscape backgrounds of stuffed birds—a kind of *hortus siccus*, or mummy of a landscape. It may seem hard to say this of a process for which the title of one of the fine arts is being every day more and more assumed; but the line must be drawn between it and true art, especially when we hear people exclaiming in raptures over the dry detail of photography. Already the absurd taste for realism of the wrong kind has been shown in the mean drudgery followed by some painters of landscape, who set out to produce a copy of a scene in some stupendous mountain region, as if for scientific purposes. We have seen in this manner a picture of the Val d'Aosta, with the foreground rock covered with lichens, as easily identified

by the naturalist as the dried specimens, but to say that any idea of the vast scale and the grandeur of the scene was conveyed would be ridiculous. The mistake of the photographers and their admirers is in supposing that the copy of the image which the glass lens, no matter how costly and excellent it may be optically, transmits, must necessarily be equally true, as the picture which the mind sees through the sensitive and living nervous surface of the retina. It must be simply impossible that the sensitive paper of the photographer, with all his skill in developing by his chemicals, can exercise any of the harmonizing and generalizing power of vision, united as it is with the thought and fancy of the mind. The painter comes nearer to the ideal picture because he feels as he works, while the photographer looks at his watch. The one operation is true art, the other is a skillful process. The whole secret and charm of art lies in the expression of something in the mind, it may be thought and sentiment, or it may be merely that which is purely sensuous or pleasing to the eye in colour and form; so it is that photograph portraits are generally such cruel likenesses, because every feature in the face we know and admire is made stiff and lifeless by the absence of the touch of art that expresses in a painted portrait the idea the painter forms of his subject. There are other causes which interfere with good portraiture by photography, in the strange metamorphoses of complexion that fair people with golden hair have to submit to, and these seem to have much to do with the unflattering character of the photographer's work. Handsome sitters may complain; but the answer of the scientific artist of the sun admits of no appeal—"It must be like, because photography is exact and the instruments are perfect." All we can do in this case is to pocket the affront to our beauty, as Galileo did when it was proved to him the earth could not move—"e pur si muove." Still we shall not for a moment dispute the value of photography, or the merit of those who have carried the process to the perfection at which it is now arrived, and even artists may learn from it much that would improve their work, though this, we fancy, would be the case more in reference to general effect of light and shade than in detail, except it be architectural or statuesque detail. The examples of landscape in the exhibition are not very striking, either for their large size or their excellence in representing the natural qualities of a landscape. Those by Mr. F. Bedford have the nearest approach to the atmosphere and general tone of the open air picture, and of these perhaps the view of Warwick Castle from the river is the most successful. Several other good examples are taken from this spot—(64) "Kenilworth Castle from the Bridge," (58) "The old Cedars in Warwick-park," and (90) "Warwick Castle from the Avon." Mr. Bedford appears to have the secret of obtaining the light, airy look of trees better than most of the photographers, but where the shadows are strong in the foreground with direct sunlight, we observe the same want of half-tint which belongs to all photographs of landscape. The Hon. W. Warren Vernon is foremost among the amateur photographers of landscape; his set of eight views of the famous Burnham Beeches are excellent specimens; but in these it will be remarked that the foliage is avoided as much as possible, the trees being taken when they have moulded half their beauties, in order to get a lighter and clearer photograph. Full-leaved trees, taken in the height of summer, come out in a photographic picture in blotchy masses of dark colour, extremely unlike the real trees. Major Gresley exhibits a view of a pathway cut out of the rock at Winterdyne (110), which escapes this blotchiness and want of half tint more than most photographs. Another wood scene by the same amateur, called "Resting from Play" (111), in which some children are introduced, is noticeable for similar good qualities and for the general taste displayed in the choice of subject. In 106, "Parc et Château de Pau," by T. Gilles, again we see how the photographer finds a difficulty in copying trees; they are all leafless in this view. Mr. J. Spode contributes some very good specimens in landscape, of which (188), "The Mill at Ambleside, Westmoreland," is perhaps the most interesting on account of the rushing water of the mill-stream. The power of photography in seizing some passing effect of sky or dashing of the waves on shore is shown by the instantaneous process. There are not many of these examples in the exhibition, but one we noticed by Mr. F. M. Good which represents this part of the photographer's means. There is nothing, however, which can be compared with the sea views of breaking waves which Colonel Stuart Wortley exhibited last year; these showed the capabilities of the process to much greater advantage. Colonel Wortley contributes nothing of this kind to this exhibition, but only some very good studies of Italian boys from the life. Amongst the best of the landscapes may be mentioned (203) "Studies of Rock and Water," by Lieut.-Colonel Verschoye; (207) "Willows by the Watercourses," and "Cora Castle on the Clyde," by T. Annan; (241) "Vale of Neath," by R. P. Napper, who has some excellent views of Seville and some in Brazil. Some views of India, by Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, seem to have got a disagreeable brown tint, probably from the Indian sunlight, otherwise they are exceedingly well taken. There is one example of a subject-picture composed for photography, called "Autumn," by Mr. H. P. Robinson. It consists of a group of figures standing in park-line scenery by the river-side, very obviously made up for the purpose, and the landscape by no means suggestive of the richness and glow of autumn. Attempts in this direction seem to us only to make photography ridiculous.

In portraiture there is nothing very remarkable. M. Claudet's *cartes de visite* are much the same as all others, though his portraits of children seem to be unusually good, and his artistic studies

of hands and eyes may possibly be useful in teaching young painters. M. Claudet's ability in portraiture is better shown in the portraits of Sir Rowland Hill, for which, however, one of the four in different positions would have sufficed. The vignettes by Mr. T. R. Williams are some of the best in this style. The enlarged portraits of Sir Sidney Smyth, allowing for a certain mistiness over them, are evidently good likenesses, and the attitudes well chosen. The useful purpose of photography to art is vindicated by some good copies of pictures, done in the photo-lithographic process by Mr. W. Toovey, and of some studies, apparently from chalk drawings, by Mr. Russell Sedgefield. The examples of photo-zincographic engraving by Colonel H. P. James, who has rendered important service by the introduction of this process for Government maps, are remarkable clear, and show how perfect this process may be made. There are also some excellent specimens of copying manuscripts and other objects requiring very exact imitation.

Book illustration is another direction in which photography has recently been applied. We mentioned an instance in the catalogue of the Brett Collection, when noticing the sale, in which the employment of photography was most acceptable, as it would have been hopeless to expect illustrations to be drawn with anything like accuracy from so many small objects. The society exhibit a remarkable example of book-illustration in a copy of the famous "Grimani Breviary," which is preserved in the library of St. Mark's, Venice. This work was published in 1862 by Antonio Perini, photographer of Venice, with photographs of all the illuminated pages, and one in chromo-lithography (the splendid old binding in silver gilt, with medallions of the Grimani family, being also reproduced), with explanations and descriptions by Sigr. Francesco Zanotto, which are also translated into French.

It is to be regretted that the small size of the gallery prevents the exhibition of some of the full-sized photographs of celebrated buildings of antiquity, such as those magnificent photographs of the Egyptian temples by M. Henri Cammas which will be remembered in the International Exhibition. This is a line in which the painters can never equal the photographer in his absolutely exact resemblance of every detail of structure and ornament.

Mr. John Gilbert has illustrated the well-known song of "The Old English Gentleman" with a series of six large drawings, which are now exhibited by Messrs. T. Agnew & Sons, at their gallery in Waterloo-place. Few artists could have been found so capable as Mr. Gilbert for this particular style of work; he possesses the most complete sense of the picturesque, a familiarity with English costume of the period he selects, an excellent power of expressing character in the heads of his figures, although we may have seen most of his personages before, an exceedingly free and expert hand, and a good feeling for colour. These drawings resemble, in the manner of their execution, those illustrations of Shakespeare's plays and other subjects, which have attracted so much notice in the exhibition of the Water-colour Society. The subject was one particularly well-chosen, and if it were possible to imitate the artist's peculiar method of painting in chromo-lithography, the series would be a most ornamental and popular work.

Mr. Charles Lucy, an artist who will be remembered for his picture, painted some ten years ago, of "Cromwell at the Death-bed of his Daughter, Mrs. Claypole," has just completed a large picture representing Cromwell at Hampton Court with his family, and spending the Sunday afternoon in listening to Milton's playing on the organ. The picture may be seen at the Egyptian Hall; it is painted with considerable technical ability, and sufficiently well compressed to serve the purpose of engraving, in which form it will, we fancy, be found more agreeable than in its present scale of nearly life-size figures. As a mere conversation piece the subject would compose agreeably on a smaller canvas, and the colour would be improved; but as it is, the picture is treated in too grandiose a manner for the subject. Cromwell is seated in great formality in his chair, on each side the group of his wife and daughters; before this principal group is the organ between two windows, at which Milton is about to play. But the picture is well worth a visit, if only to see the last work of a painter of ability who has pursued his art with perseverance for many years, lately studying in the schools of Paris, and who has long been absent from our regular Academy exhibitions.

At the same place of exhibition are to be seen the large scenic representation of the Crucifixion, by Mr. Selous, the well-known painter of the panoramas, a production which is anything but the sublime picture it is put forth to be, and it is certainly not in accord with true religious feeling thus to make a melodramatic display—a show—of the most solemn and revered traditions of Christianity. A card gilded with all the sacred emblems, and bordered with an ornament of thorns, informs us that a lecture upon the picture is delivered three times a day!

In far better taste are Mr. Carl Werner's drawings of the holy places—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, the Holy Sepulchre, the Garden of Gethsemane, &c. These are simply very accurate and beautifully painted drawings of the places to which so many sacred legends are attached. They have been faithfully painted on the very spot, and have therefore the greatest interest from this, as well as from being admirably good drawings. These are about to be published in chromo-lithograph, by Messrs. Moore & M'Queen, of Berners-street.

The annual exhibition of works of the old masters at the British

June 4,

Institution
being given

The Scien
tion of stai
Company of
nesday la
graining, r
to be award

The new
"Il Barbier
the best re
Lablache. S
on the Conti
heard here,
possessed of
and histroni
idiotic buffo
Scalase infu
laughter wit
near to excit
sionally indu
buffo school,
adhering to
departure fro
than the pre
Opera. Rosi
finished per
Almaviva; w
admirably w
Signor Scalas
his performan
on Monday f
The follow
(which took p
and more con

Sinfonia in C
Aria, "La Da
Concerto, Viol
Scena, "Wi
Freischütz"
Fantasia-Over
posed for
Concert) ...

Sinfonia in A,
Romanza, "E
Maschera")

Solos, Violin

Duet, "Quanto
March, "Ruini

For a socie
illustration of
most vague a
native of mo
councils of th
those labourer
bition "o'erle
of Beethoven's
wanted, of th
sublimity of
mann's sympl
sistent effort
promptings of
only incentive
continuous tra
and purposeles
impression on
points and hap
effect which sa
position. The
work, which,
nents' of Schu
nevertheless, a
in his songs an
which is, inde
closely on the
comparisons b
and ideal, y
and most in
thought and
in a chain of
to his later
idealism and
ligible beauty
for his elevated
work, and his p
even finer than
plete as to leav
office of interp

Institution will be opened on Monday next, the private view being given to-day (Saturday).

The Science and Art Department have arranged an exhibition of stained glass, which is now open, and the Worshipful Company of Painters, otherwise painter stainers, opened on Wednesday last another exhibition of specimen work in decoration, graining, marbling, and writing, for which prizes to workmen are to be awarded.

MUSIC.

THE new basso who appeared as Doctor Bartolo in Rossini's "Il Barbiere" at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday, is one of the best representatives of the part that have been seen since Lablache. Signor Scalese has long enjoyed so high a reputation on the Continent, that it is somewhat strange he has not earlier been heard here, especially as there is a dearth of genuine buffo singers possessed of broad humour without extravagance, and equal vocal and histrionic ability. Without making Doctor Bartolo such an idiotic buffoon as he has too frequently been represented, Signor Scalese infuses just so much of farce into his comedy as to raise laughter without risking the contempt which some Bartolos go near to excite. He is a capital singer, too, and although occasionally indulging a little in the *parlante* style belonging to the buffo school, he limits this to such passages as admit of the licence, adhering to the composer's text in all other instances where a departure from it would be unjustifiable. Nothing can be better than the present version of "Il Barbiere" at the Royal Italian Opera. Rosina is one of Mdlle. Adelina Patti's most charming and finished performances, and the same may be said of Mario's Almaviva; while Ronconi's Figaro, for eccentric humour, contrasts admirably with the more unctuous style of the new Bartolo, Signor Scalese. This gentleman's success was fully confirmed by his performance of Leporello in "Don Giovanni," which was given on Monday for the re-appearance of Signor Tamberlik.

The following programme of the sixth Philharmonic concert (which took place on Monday) must have startled some of the older and more conservative members and subscribers:—

PART I.	
Sinfonia in C	Schumann.
Aria, "La Dame Blanche"	Boieldieu.
Concerto, Violin	Beethoven.
Scena, "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" ("Der Freischütz")	Weber.
Fantasia-Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" (composed for the Philharmonic Society's Jubilee Concert)	W. S. Bennett.
PART II.	
Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Romanza, "Eri tu che macchiavi" ("Un Ballo in Maschera")	Verdi.
Solos, Violin { a. Andante }	Spohr.
{ b. Prelude }	J. S. Bach.
Duet, "Quanto Amore" ("L'Elisir d'Amore")	Donizetti.
March, "Ruins of Athens"	Beethoven.

Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

For a society which has so long and systematically avoided all illustration of the later development of the art to select one of the most vague and least attractive works of one of the most innovative of modern composers argues a strong reaction in the councils of the society. Schumann's second symphony is one of those laboured and elaborate works in which the composer's ambition "o'erleaped itself." His endeavours to follow in the wake of Beethoven's later style only afford additional proof, if any were wanted, of the hopeless distance at which the profound and vast sublimity of that model leaves all attempts at imitation. Schumann's symphony seems to have been dictated by the mere persistent effort to produce an elaborate work without any of those promptings of the imagination and invention which should be the only incentives to composition. Hence there is no coherence, no continuous train of thought, but a series of beginnings and endings and purposeless climaxes, which leave a confused and unsatisfactory impression on the mind of the hearer. Yet there are many fine points and happy passages, but they have a detached and isolated effect which savours more of improvisation than of reflective composition. The scherzo and the finale are the best portions of the work, which, as a whole, will doubtless tend to confirm the opponents of Schumann in their antagonism to a composer who was, nevertheless, a man possessed of fine genius, as sufficiently proved in his songs and pianoforte works. The violin concerto of Beethoven, which is, indeed, a symphony with violin obligato, coming so closely on the work of Schumann, suggested most unfavourable comparisons between the two. Beethoven could be abstract and ideal, yet coherent and intelligible. Even in his loftiest and most indefinite moods there was a governing train of thought and predominant subjects which linked the whole in a chain of purpose and intention. Although not belonging to his later and more abstract style, the concerto is full of idealism and subjective thought, combined with the most intelligible beauty of expression. Herr Joachim has long been renowned for his elevated and poetical reading and perfect execution of this work, and his performance on the present occasion was, if possible, even finer than ever. His mastery over his instrument is so complete as to leave him free to concentrate his thoughts on the higher office of interpreting the poetical expression and intention of the

composer. Equally admirable, in different styles, was his performance of the two shorter solos. Professor Bennett's overture has been previously noticed by us on its production at the Jubilee Concert, in 1862. Its merits, while sufficient as a *pièce d'occasion*, will scarcely entitle it to rank as a permanent production—its fragmentary form rendering its effect too desultory to fulfil the conditions of composition. The symphony and the march of Beethoven, as also the other orchestral pieces, exhibited a marked improvement in the band, which is now much more efficient than it has ever been since its disorganisation a few seasons since. Herr Gunz, who made his first appearance in England, sang Boieldieu's "Slumber Song" with excellent intonation, but a rather hard and inflexible style, which, with the use of German instead of the original French text, somewhat destroyed the light and piquant character of the music. Miss Fanny Armytage is a clever young singer, but has not yet the force, either of voice or style, required by Weber's impassioned scena—it was rather a drawing-room than a dramatic reading. Signor Delle Sedie's fine barytone voice and excellent Italian style are always welcome; but the vocal music of the concert, with the exception of Weber's scena, was unworthy of companionship with the instrumental selection.

The subjoined programme of the fourth New Philharmonic concert (on Wednesday) presents an admixture of miscellaneous vocal music with classical instrumental works, which, however it may please a certain portion of the audience, is incongruous in such a concert:—

PART I.	
Grand Concert Overture ("Im ernsten Styl")	Spohr.
Recit. and Rondo, "Pensa alla patria," Madame Nantier Didiée ("L'Italiana in Algeri")	Rossini.
Aria, "Dies Bildnis," Signor Wachtel ("Zauberflöte")	Mozart.
Symphony in A minor	Mendelssohn.
Rondo, "Ah non credea," Mdlle. C. Patti ("La Son-nambula")	Bellini.
Aria, "Di quella pira," Signor Wachtel ("Trovatore")	Verdi.
Overture ("Oberon")	Weber.
PART II.	
Concerto, in C minor, pianoforte, Herr Jaell	Beethoven.
Duetto, "Dunque io son," Madame Nantier Didiée and Mr. Renwick ("Il Barbiere")	Rossini.
Polonaise ("Struensee")	Meyerbeer.

Spohr's overture, one of his later works, is, like most of the productions of his closing period, laboured, and deficient in impulse or imagination. It has scarcely the semblance of a theme or subject, and is evidently the production of the mere force of will to compose, without the slightest promptings of genius. The "serious style" in which it is cast adds to the dullness of a work devoid of melody or of any continuous interest. The only relief is in the sonority and brightness of the instrumentation, which has all the richness and skilful handling of one of the greatest masters of orchestration. As with the great colourists among the Italian painters, Spohr's art of writing for the orchestra is so admirable that it gives a dignity and importance even to common-place subjects. Mendelssohn's symphony (the "Scotch") was the important feature of the orchestral selection. Never was the picturesque and the romantic more vividly and powerfully reflected by music than in this exquisite work, in which the influence of the wild scenery of the highlands on Mendelssohn's susceptible imagination is as clearly traceable as in the companion work, the "Fingal" overture. The symphony was splendidly played by the fine orchestra over which Dr. Wylde presides, but the conductor differs somewhat from the composer's own intention as to the speed of some portions of the work. Dr. Wylde started the first and last allegros somewhat too fast, while the final coda was taken too slow. The overture to "Oberon," again, was too deliberately played for its animated character; but the irrepressible impulse of the band corrected this, and the climax was attained with all that impetuosity which the music requires. Herr Jaell gave a masterly reading of Beethoven's concerto. With great power and finished execution, he combines those much rarer merits of distinct rhythmical phrasing and varied shades of expression by which every passage is invested with a significance and interest that no mere neatness of execution will ever confer. An elocutionist may pronounce very distinctly and punctuate very correctly, and yet fail to reach the inner meaning of his author. Herr Jaell has a breadth of style and a clearly defined intention which place him far above the mere executant. Meyerbeer's "Polonaise," which sufficiently served the purpose of "playing out" the audience, loses its chief significance in being detached from the drama to which it belongs as a portion of the incidental music. The vocal pieces call for no remark, being hackneyed extracts from operas, and singers and music being alike familiar to the public.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir concludes its season on Thursday week with a very miscellaneous selection of madrigals, glees, and part-songs, varied by the instrumental performances of Herr Joachim and Mr. Charles Hallé. There was no novelty—so that the promised Psalm of Professor Bennett is probably reserved for next season.

On Tuesday, at Burlington House, prizes were distributed to the successful competitors amongst the pupils of the Female School of Art. A large number of ladies were present, and Lord Houghton took the chair. After Professor Donaldson had read the report, which testified to the continued prosperity of the school, the chairman distributed the prizes, the chief of which were the national medallions. These, the

highest honours of the school, were won by Katherine Elan, Alice Manley, Mary Julian, Anne Coster, Charlotte Tills, and Sarah M'Gregor. The last-named competitor had the good fortune to carry off two national medallions. These competitors were also successful in winning other prizes.

On Tuesday, in the House of Commons, in reply to a question from Mr. Cox, Mr. Cowper stated that the public would be admitted to see Mr. Herbert's picture as soon as Mr. Herbert had satisfied himself that the solution with which he intended to cover it was so fixed that the picture would not be injured by the dust certain to be created by the crowds of people who, no doubt, would be anxious to see this beautiful work. Mr. Cowper was not able to say when the picture would be open to view; but, when Mr. Herbert had satisfied himself that the public might be admitted, they would see it on Saturdays at the time they were admitted to the rest of the building.

THE "ART JOURNAL."—The June No. of this handsome periodical contains, as its three steel engravings, F. R. Pickersgill's "Christian in the Valley of Humiliation," from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—a rather poor composition, rendered with a certain hardness by Mr. George Greatbach; "Orange Merchantman going to Pieces," from the Turner collection in the National Gallery; and "Ariel," a sculpture subject, from the statue by Lough, in the possession of Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., M.P., and never publicly exhibited. Of this last we must say that it does not in any respect realise our notions of Shakespeare's "tricksy spirit." The figure is graceful, but the face is fat, heavy, and dull, with nothing in it of that airy rapture, that quivering, bird-like sensitiveness, that ecstasy of freedom belonging to a creature of the winds and elements, that dainty mixture of mischief and loveableness, which we associate with the most delightful birth of Shakespeare's fancy. Among the articles we may mention the very interesting series of papers by Mr. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., on the "History of Caricature and of Grotesque in Art," with curious illustrations from old French and Italian sketches; and "Reflections in Water, Geometrically Considered," by Captain A. W. Drayson, R.A., pointing out some of the singular blunders occasionally made by good artists in this difficult matter. The *Art Journal* is less rich than usual this month in woodcuts; but it is always an agreeable half-crown's worth.

No. IV. of the *Fine Arts' Quarterly Review* (Chapman & Hall) has reached us. It contains articles on a proposed "Tercentenary Memorial of Shakespeare," the "Analysis and Synthesis of Painting," the "Reaction from Pre-Raphaelitism," "Paul Delaroche," "The Fine Arts in India in the Reign of James I.," "Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," "Early Christian Glass," and other subjects; besides catalogues *raisonné* of collections of pictures, and information with reference to the position and progress of the arts, at home and abroad. The publication is very handsomely printed, and possesses, we should say, a permanent interest and value to all engaged in the class of subjects of which it treats.

MR. AND MRS. ELLIOTT GALER have produced their opera-comique entertainment, "Cousin Kate and the Haunted Mill," at St. James's Hall, where we have no doubt it will prove an attraction. Mr. Galer is well known for a good voice and tasteful singing, and Mrs. Galer adds to her musical attractions a lively talent for acting.

SCIENCE.

A SERIES of interesting experiments upon the development of vegetation in the dark has just been made by M. Boussingault. The researches were made with a view to determine the action of light upon the decomposition of carbonic acid, and on the combination of oxygen and carbon. A seed was placed in a damp soil exposed to the light, and another was placed in earth which was entirely removed from the influence of the sun, and the results were then compared. It was found in the first instance that the plant, after growing for a certain period, had abstracted carbon from the atmosphere, and had combined the oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions necessary to form water, so that when the weights of seed and plant were compared it was observed that the plant contained a far larger proportion of carbon than the seed. In the second instance, the plant was found to possess a lesser quantity of carbon than the seed from which it sprung, and the proportion of water was also diminished. Hence it follows that under the influence of light plants fix carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, and that when deprived of light they eliminate these three elements.

MM. Garrigou and Filhol conclude from their researches that man was contemporaneous with the cave bear (*Ursus spelæus*). They base their conclusion upon the fact that the bones of the latter animal have been found by them in the split condition. This they assume resulted from the habit which primitive man had of dividing bones in order to extract the marrow and manufacture weapons for the chase. Indeed, this custom is still prevalent among the Esquimaux, Laplanders, and inhabitants of the Eastern Archipelago. They state that the fissuration observed by them has not been of recent date, for the surfaces present the same general aspect as the other portions of the bone, and are covered with the same matrix. The character of the surfaces is also remarkable, for it presents a great uniformity. The heads of the long bones are almost always entire, whilst the diaphyses are opened longitudinally, and the phalangeal bones are divided along their entire length into almost equal halves.

We understand that a new hospital has been started in Westminster, for the cure of diseases of the skin. We trust it may succeed, for there are few maladies so intimately connected

with affections of the important internal viscera as those which attack the skin, and in that way influence the general tegumentary circulation.

A magnificent meteor was lately observed by M. Paquerée from his observatory at Castillon-sur-Dordogne. It appeared about two degrees north of the moon, which was then in meridian, and passed, with a slightly northerly inclination, toward the east. It lasted for about five seconds, and after traversing an arc of about sixty degrees it seemed to burst, and then disappeared. Its apparent magnitude increased progressively, so that at the time of its disappearance its diameter was at least half that of the moon. At first, its light was of a greenish blue tint, then it became white, and was so bright that many persons fancied it was a flash of lightning; finally, it resembled that of the planet Mars.

The Royal Academy has determined to appoint a Professor of Chemistry, in accordance with the recommendation of the late Commission.

The action of red phosphorus on sulphur is the subject of a memoir recently presented to the French Academy. M. Lemoine has found that when these two substances are allowed to operate upon each other they result in producing a new compound, which contains two equivalents of phosphorus and three of sulphur. This compound always results, no matter what be the proportions of the two substances employed. The new compound is an exceedingly stable one, and does not oxydise in the air. It is soluble in sulphide of carbon and chloride of phosphorus, and may be separated unaltered from the latter, by the addition of water. Alcohol and ether both dissolve it, but the solution readily undergoes decomposition. It is quite soluble in the sulphides of sodium and potassium, and is produced by heating the sulphur and red phosphorus together, and then separating by means of sulphide of carbon, in which it dissolves easily.

A valuable process for the conversion of salt meat into fresh has been described by Mr. Whitelaw, of Glasgow. It consists in a modification of that beautiful phenomenon called *dialysis*, discovered a couple of years ago by Professor Graham. The salt meat is placed in a bag of untanned skin or other suitable material, and the bag is filled, nearly but not quite, with brine from the brine barrel. The dialyser is then placed in sea-water, and the process is allowed to go on for several days, till the meat is sufficiently fresh for use, or till the hydrometer indicates that the brine is within one or two degrees of sea-water strength. The rationale of the process is this:—As the brine becomes freed from salt, the beef, which, by the action of the saline matter, has been contracted, gives its salt to the brine in the bag, and so the action goes on, the beef expanding like a sponge, and gradually taking up a portion of the aqueous matter it had lost during the salting process. In this way, no loss of juice is sustained by steeping, and the brine left in the bags can, after one night's dialysis, be converted into soup.

Professor Abel, who has so carefully investigated the subject of gun-cotton, thus sums up the peculiar properties of this explosive substance:—When inflamed or raised to a temperature ranging between 137° and 150° centigrade, it burns with a bright flash and a large body of flame, unaccompanied by smoke, and leaves no appreciable residue. It is far more readily inflamed by powerful percussion than gunpowder; the compression of any particular portion of a mass of loose gun-cotton between rigid surfaces, will prevent that part from burning when heat is applied. The products of combustion of gun cotton redden litmus, and contain nitric oxide, hence they have a corrosive action on gun-metal. In the open air it may be inflamed, when in actual contact with gunpowder, without igniting the latter; in a confined space (as in a shell, or the barrel of a gun) the almost instantaneous rapidity of its explosion produces effects which are highly destructive, as compared with those of gunpowder, while the projectile force exerted by it is comparatively small. For these reasons Professor Abel—who is chemist to the War Department—does not think we are yet in a position to use gun-cotton as a substitute for powder.

CONVERSAZIONE AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

ON Wednesday evening last, the Professors of University College gave their usual sessional *soirée*, to which almost all our resident savans were invited. The splendid library and museums of the institution were thrown open and beautifully ornamented for the occasion, whilst, in addition, there was nothing left undone to interest both the man of science and the amateur. On this score, too much credit cannot be given to those who helped to carry out the arrangements. The rooms began to fill at about nine o'clock, and at half-past ten were crowded almost to excess, there being at this time nearly a thousand persons present. Everything passed off remarkably well, and so far from the feeling of *ennui* which is sometimes observed to develop itself in such assemblages being exhibited, each individual appeared anxious to make himself acquainted thoroughly with the nature and mode of operation of the various scientific objects which were grouped upon the tables. To give even a list of the apparatus and curiosities which the professors had provided for the interest and instruction of their guests would occupy far more space than we can command; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to noticing a few of the rarer and more novel objects.

First in order comes the "diffraction-showing apparatus" of Messrs. Horne & Thornthwaite. This instrument consists of a telescope mounted horizontally, and having placed at some distance from it, but in its line of axis, a minute aperture, through which a

beam of oxycalcium light passes. In front of the object-glass is situate a circular frame, on which are photographed about eighty minute images of various forms, and which is so constructed, that by means of an endless screw working in the cogged-wheel which forms its periphery, each of the various images can be brought into successive view. The result of this exquisite contrivance is that the most gorgeous play of colours, the effect of diffraction, is produced. This instrument should be seen and examined by all interested in the science of optics. We believe that the makers have in process of construction a new polariscope, which will overcome even the "angular difficulties" presented by sulphate of copper.

Messrs. Silver & Co. exhibited some very interesting specimens of ebonite apparatus, comprising batteries, cells, filters, stethoscopes, and stomach-pumps, and also a series of models showing the application of electricity to railway signals. One of the latter is extremely curious, and will well repay the trouble of examining it. The model represents the wheel (near the station) by which the signal is put on or off, and at a distance the signal itself, which is supposed to be situate at the other end of a tunnel, and consequently out of the porter's view. The object is to inform the porter whether the signal has been properly effected. This is achieved as follows:—Two horizontal copper projections are attached to the signal-post, and to the vertical bar is connected a horizontal one of metal. When the signal is on, the projection from the bar touches one of those in the post, and similarly when it is off; but when the signal has not been properly made, the bar projection lies between the other two. Now, to the latter are united the wires proceeding from a clock and battery placed in the station; when, therefore, the bar and post projections are in contact, the current is complete, and is indicated accordingly by the clock; but when the bar projection lies between the others, the bell of the clock commences to ring, and thus warns the official of the danger. A Morse telegraph, Wheatstone's wave apparatus, the tangent and thermo-galvanometers, completed the array on this table. The new process of photo-sculpture was illustrated by a number of busts and statuettes prepared by this method. It is, indeed, wonderful to think that photography can provide us, not only with ordinary portraits, but with actual solid images. Dr. Carpenter exhibited a magnificent collection of star-fish preserved in glycerine, and so lifelike was the appearance of these creatures that we absolutely heard one old gentleman say to his friend—"Don't touch 'em, they're alive." Messrs. Coxeter had a table to themselves, on which were placed all the most modern horrors of the patient—surgical apparatus of so attractive a character that really they seemed almost to offer an inducement to operation. The microscopic department was well represented by Messrs. Smith & Beck, and Collins (binoculars seeming to be quite the rage), the former of whom exhibited some lovely specimens of murexide and aspartic acid, whilst the latter showed the heart of a *planorbis* in the act of pulsation. Among other things we observed some very handsome articles of *vertu*, exhibited by Mr. Phillips, and some very pretty paintings of Ward's. Altogether the evening's entertainment was of a most interesting and instructive character, and we may observe in conclusion, that this result was not a little due to the indefatigable exertions of Professors Sharpley and Harley, who did everything in their power to add to the pleasure and enjoyment of their guests.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE Stock Exchange, according to modern phraseology, is "a glorious institution." It has been the centre of transactions the last two years which have made many people's fortunes, but of course in the natural order of things large losses have been incurred by others. The Stock Exchange having been the scene of great animation till within the past month or six weeks, when prices have suffered reaction through the increase in the Bank rate of discount, is now comparatively quiescent, because the public have had a surfeit of new enterprises, and are not very ready to go into fresh schemes. Still business is not so slack as might have been supposed it would be after such a period of inflation, and if the rush of buyers is not so great as it was, there is, nevertheless, sufficient doing to enable the fraternity to keep body and soul together without having to trench upon past profits.

It is admitted on all hands that the result of the operations of the late mania has furnished large crumbs of comfort to the old and young brokers and jobbers, and that numbers have netted sums large enough to enable them to retire, if they desire it. Whether principals have desired to Bull or to Bear, such has been the rapidity of the mutations that they have been equally in a position to accommodate them, and while the brokers have secured good commissions on the course of bargains carried out, the jobbers have obtained advantage from the rapid turns in the market. The state of things at this juncture is more comparable to the old plain-sailing days of three or four years ago, and the quiescence prevailing may only be preparatory to a fresh outbreak; but if a revival of speculation comes it will only be in a modified form, and with much less excitement than has recently been witnessed.

The Bank directors being sure eventually to reduce to 6 per cent., though they made no move on Thursday, and every prospect existing of favourable weather for the harvest, the markets for all classes of securities may attain greater buoyancy. But, however encouraging the aspect of the future may be, and

however healthy trade may appear, the strain cannot continue much longer, unless the experience of the past is entirely to be ignored, and no reliance placed in the evidence furnished of gigantic speculations passing every day before our eyes. The Stock Exchange brotherhood themselves will be the last to suffer till the days of panic in reality arrive, for they follow the very wise precept of "cutting a loss and letting a profit run," which will always save them till the days of deep adversity, or when they have sacrificed that which they have already accumulated. It must be said much to their credit the last eighteen months that they have stood the brunt of several severe falls in prices with remarkable fortitude, and that in previous periods of inflation and depression there never was so great a display of honesty and caution. In the incidental cases of suspension—and they have certainly been rare—the fault lay, not with the brokers, but with the clients, some of whom have not been able to pay up in time. Taking, therefore, a hurried photograph of what has been passing, the "House" as it is now constituted may be considered to stand in a very satisfactory position.

It will, perhaps, be more from this date forward that we shall have to look into the condition and prosperity both of the broker and the jobber. Allowing, no doubt, that most people will do that, the mania has, to speak colloquially, seen its best days. The current of events during the autumn and the winter will have to be watched to ascertain the appearance of any premonitory symptoms which may moderate apprehension. A good harvest, if it shall be secured in time, and in an encouraging state, will assist us greatly in meeting any embarrassment and warding off difficulties. It is too early yet to estimate what the state of things may be in this respect; but it is, nevertheless, as far as can be traced at present, believed that the crops are making steady progress, and that not only in the United Kingdom but also on the Continent the situation of agricultural affairs is decidedly promising. After the harvest we fear we must look for a dragging, sluggish season. Any first class new companies that may be brought out in the interval will get shares subscribed and their undertakings placed on a moderately favourable footing, but there will not, we fear, be, as there have been before, any quadruple or quintuple subscriptions, or those extraordinary jumps in prices which have presaged a "rig," or, to use a milder term, a "combination" to support the market. It will be in this peculiar period that the brokers and the jobbers will have to be more than ever vigilant to protect themselves; and where the "drooping" tendency is evident and the public shall be steady sellers of shares to avoid a fall, then indeed they will have to look out for squalls. But seeing that they have been and are well able to regulate their affairs in the past, let us hope they will have prudence enough to keep themselves in a position of strength to encounter the little shocks which so frequently take place in the autumn and winter months.

The Bank directors not having raised the rate of discount on Thursday, it was a matter of discussion whether there was the expectation of a movement in the favourable direction either the next week or the week following. The supposition that the demand for money would be regulated by the *minimum* enforced by the Bank of England seems to be altogether very absurd, as the public are only operating from hand to mouth. It is quite evident that the dealings are of the most insignificant character, or we should not pass through those changes which show that the operators, while looking for the events of the week, are satisfied with the ordinary mutations of the market. Not the least important part of the business is that the dealers should be able to co-operate with the speculators, who one and all should compete with the operators in the actual transactions concluded. For the definite bargains there was no change to notice, but it must be allowed that the appearance is favourable, otherwise there would be only the general transactions to notice. The money market will for the instant remain in a quiet state, and if no new speculation is brought forward, it may be imagined that the dealers at the Stock Exchange will be prepared to limit their engagements; and should this prove successful, the result will be perfectly astounding.

THE Bank directors were in conclave on Thursday, and separated without making any alteration in the rate of discount. The demand for money was good at 6½ to 6¾ per cent.

THERE was no bullion sent into the Bank. During the week, £270,000 to £300,000 was sent in.

THE prices of public stocks were steady. A rise would have occurred if the operators had purchased; but a good deal of quietude was apparent when it was found that the Bank directors had not reduced the rate of discount. Consols for money were 90½ to 90¾ ex. div., and for the account 90½ to 90¾ ex. div.

THE money market was quiet. No gold was sent into the Bank on Thursday. The rates for accommodation were moderate.

THE London and Provincial Turkish Bath Company, 76, Jermyn-street, have declared a dividend of 6 per cent., in spite of unusual expenses during the last half year. Various improvements have been made in the establishment, which will greatly increase its attractions, and others are contemplated, which will double the accommodation for bathers. The powers of the bath, as applied to radiating heat, will be fully shown when these arrangements are completed.

THE Italian Land Company (Limited) have issued a prospectus, which will be found in another part of our paper. The general objects of the Company will be the acquisition, improvement, and re-selling of lands in the kingdom of Italy. The capital of one million and a half sterling is to be raised by the issue of 30,000 shares of £50 each.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. ALLINGHAM'S NEW POEM.*

WE had so lively and so pleasant a recollection of Mr. Allingham's earlier poems that we were glad to greet once more a volume from his pen, after a lapse, if we mistake not, of several years. He is not a copious nor, we should say, a rapid writer; but whatever he does is sterling and delightful—a mixture of fancy and fine feeling, delicate sensitiveness, cheerful perception, and honest thought. We cannot hold, however, that in his new venture he has been felicitous in the choice of a subject; and yet it was a natural choice, too. Of all politics in the world, perhaps, Irish politics are the least poetical; but an Irishman, living in Ireland, and seeing each day the misery which seems to be the clinging heritage of his country, may surely be excused for putting his regrets and aspirations into verse. Sorrow, it may be said, has always in it a touch of dignity and a ring of the Muses' harmonies; and Mr. Allingham may fairly argue that he has simply given a voice to those forms of human suffering which are peculiarly associated with the Hibernian race. Yet, while admitting the force of this, we cannot forget that the sorrows of Ireland are the results, mainly, of a political system, and are associated with a hundred mean and petty facts to which no art can give dignity, and scarcely any treatment can impart interest. Tenant-right, evictions, the wranglings of sect with sect, Ribbonism and Orangeism, drainage and poor's-rates, the doings of Captain Starlight, and the rascally extortions of griping agents to luxurious landlords,—these are objects that will not receive any tint of fancy, but remain obstinately bare, dull, mean, and repulsive, after all that the poet can possibly do for them. Mr. Allingham himself has felt this. He says that his poem is "a new and difficult, and for more than one reason a ticklish, literary experiment." And in his eleventh chapter he makes a further apology for what he feels to be a species of poetic offence:—

"Alas, you count me a prosaic bard,
Good reader! Think what Horace says, how hard
It is to sing of every-day affairs.
More willingly by far the minstrel dares
Three flaming dragons than a single pig;
Knights in full armour, giants church-tower big,
Are easy folks to handle, by the side
Of one policeman. I have sometimes cried,
'Afford my verse a little touch of aid,
Thou grave, good-humour'd, venerable Shade,
Who once Comptroller of the Customs wast,
Edwards Rege!' but my pray'r is lost;
For though our modern telegraph extends
Into that Other World's extremest ends,
Old Chaucer deigns no syllable to say,
And I must only do the best I may."

Mr. Allingham probably seeks to do for the poor of Ireland what Crabbe did for the poor of England. But poverty in the sister country is more involved in dry and forbidding details than it is on this side of the Channel—is more allied to politics, and therefore less tractable to æsthetic treatment; and even here the harsh and literal style of Crabbe has never taken root. The wretchedness of squalor has no wings; it cannot rise into the air of Parnassus. Poverty, which is for ever battling with dire and degrading necessities—which is hungry, and half naked, and more than half brutalized, and dirty, and immodest, and not ashamed—this mournful and appalling thing has no voice for singing, nor can others sing worthily about it. Still less is there matter for poetical adornment in the varied selfishness of party politics among a people who have always contrived to give to politics their most ugly, shabby, and parochial aspect.

That Mr. Allingham should have done so much with so unpromising a topic is proof sufficient of his mastery over the art to which he has devoted himself. He is a true poet, and he lets us see it in many a graceful page. But we are forced to say that these more agreeable pages alternate with others that are as dull as the report of an Irish county meeting at which there was no row. This is the inevitable result of choosing such a subject. Mr. Allingham desires to write in verse a treatise on Irish grievances and their origin; and in doing so he is compelled to touch on all sorts of prosaic matters. The unavoidable coarseness of the details is not even relieved by an interesting story, for there is scarcely any plot, and but one incident of a powerful or exciting kind. Laurence Bloomfield, the hero, is a gentleman of landed property in a very poor and disturbed district. Of Irish birth and family, but of English education,—intelligent, cultivated, kindly, and generous,—he finds himself, on entering into the possession of his estate, after his term at Cambridge and his tour on the Continent, surrounded by complications with which he knows not how to deal, and which almost fill him with despair. He is in favour of looking after the interests of his tenants, and asserting their rights; but, dining one day at the mansion of his uncle, Sir Ulick Harvey, he hears his pet theories discussed by the assembled company with so much cynical indifference, and finds so many obstacles thrown in their way, that his inexperience is confounded, and he almost resolves to add one more to the list of absentee landlords, and give up the reformation of Ireland as a hopeless task. The characters at this banquet are delineated with great skill and mastery, and their con-

versation moves with colloquial ease and naturalness even in the difficult fetters of verse. We may observe, indeed, that throughout the whole poem the sketches of character are distinguished by remarkable truth, force, and vitality, the verse frequently sparkling all over with wit and refined sarcasm; so much so that we are sorry the greater number remain mere miniatures, instead of being more elaborately worked out. Sir Ulick has an agent, one James Pigot,—a conscientious man, but hard-natured, caring little for the wishes of the tenantry, and ready to carry out an eviction whenever he conceives the interests of his employer require it. This man drives forth the population of a whole hamlet, and destroys the old familiar habitations in the sight of the heartbroken people, and under the protection of a file of police with rifles and fixed bayonets. At which—

"A woman flings her hood from off her face,
Falls on her knees upon the miry ground,
Lifts hands and eyes, and voice of thrilling sound,—
'Vengeance of God Almighty fall on you,
James Pigot!—may the poor man's curse pursue,
The widow's and the orphan's curse, I pray,
Hang heavy round you at your dying day!'"

Near the scene of this eviction is a cottage occupied by a labourer named Jack Doran—a specimen of the better class of Irish peasants, honest, hard-working, simply religious, distrustful of the great folks, yet inclined to respect the law. This man and his family cultivate a patch of boggy ground, and by attention and frugality make so much out of it that they are afraid the evidence of their comfort will cause their landlord to extort from them a higher rent, or turn them adrift. Bloomfield is their landlord, but Pigot is his agent as well as Sir Ulick's; so they live in perpetual fear. Meanwhile, Jack Doran's son, a fine-natured, impulsive young fellow, joins a Ribbon Lodge, as the only means of redressing the tyranny which grinds his class into the dust. The Lodge passes "sentence of death" on Pigot, but unknown to young Neal Doran. Pigot wishes to turn the Dorans out of their cottage and "holding;" but Bloomfield refuses to permit it. The agent, thereupon, in a pet, resigns his office; the resignation is accepted; and, as he rides home, he is shot dead from behind a hedge. The last two chapters of the poem depict the happy condition of Bloomfield's tenantry after he has taken the management of his estates into his own hands; and towards the end we have an exposition of what our model landed proprietor thinks the only possible treatment for Ireland in the future. This consists in the buying up by the State of waste and indebted lands, and the parcelling them out among small owners. Bloomfield is sufficiently English in his sympathies to wish the union of the two islands to continue in force; but he is evidently no great admirer of our rule, nor, apparently, is Mr. Allingham himself.

Decidedly the pleasantest parts of the poem are the incidental descriptions of Irish scenery, whether in its more beautiful or its more dreary aspect. The pictures thus presented are indeed exquisitely drawn and most truthfully coloured, as the following specimens will show. First, we will give a bit of bog-land under a leaden rainy sky:—

"One dismal Sunday morning, such a day
As brings the message, 'summer's past away,'
Neal with a sigh awoke; nor when awake
Could free his bosom from a nameless ache,
The misery of his slumber; ill-content
Into the damp and sunless air he went.
The fowls, with stretching wings and eager screech,
Run up in vain his bounty to beseech;
He rests his arm upon a wall, to gaze
Across the scene, not sad in other days,
But now, all round, with dark and doleful hues
A sombre sky the sluggish bog imbues;
Black pit and pool, coarse tuft and quaking marsh,
Stretch far away to mountains chill and harsh
Under the lowering clouds; while, near at hand,
The waters grey in trench and furrow stand.
Beneath those mountains dim Lough Braccan lies,
A stream wherefrom to join the river hies.
Around their northern buttress bends a vale,
Where ocean's breath is blown in every gale,
And o'er the lake, far-seen from many a road,
Is Bloomfield's long-untended abode.
To Lisnamoy from Tullagh, either side,
Rough hills descend, and mingle with the wide
Grove-tufted, house-and-village-sprinkled plain;
And far from north to south a roof of rain
Hangs heavily this morning; dark and dead
The dismal view, and Neal's own heart like lead."

Now for a brighter scene:—

"Whilst early sink away the starry Twins,
Pursuing sunset, eastern heaven begins
To lift Arcturus; with that Coronet
Upon the brow of Summer glittering set;
And rich the country now, with shady roads
And hollow lanes embank'd with fern; white loads
Of fragrant hawthorn-bloom, but when this bloom
Grows fainter, bramble-roses in its room;
And sunny paths for milkmaids, winding through
The grass thick-set with yellow flow'rs and blue,
Millions of little blue and yellow flow'rs;
Rich are the warm, long, lustrous, golden hours,

* Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland: a Modern Poem. By William Allingham. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

That nourish the green javelins of the wheat,
The delicate flax, the tufted clover sweet,
And barley's drooping beard, and speckled oats.
The yorlin's trembling sigh of pleasure floats
On sultry wind; the landrail's hoarse crake-crake
Still keeps the meadows and cornfields awake
When two clear twilights mingle in the sky
Of glowing June."

Mr. Allingham announces in a fly-leaf that he has another volume of poems in preparation. We trust that he has chosen some more propitious themes; for, though "Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland" is, as Mr. Gladstone incidentally remarked on Monday in the House of Commons, "an exceedingly clever poem," the subject, we fear, will be against it—at least, amongst English readers. If the author is determined to be national, he might surely find in the early legends of Ireland some noble stories, such as would call forth all his best and most agreeable qualities.

MILITARY ENDS AND MORAL MEANS.*

THE object of the author of this work is to counteract a prevalent tendency on the part of the public to attach undue importance to the perfection of arms and projectiles as a means of victory in war. Without undervaluing the importance of obtaining the most efficient material means both of offence and defence, he insists that the *morale* of an army and the skill of its commander are matters of still higher consequence. It is impossible to question the soundness of this view, but it might have been developed with far greater force, and certainly with much more literary skill, than is manifested in the volume before us. We have no doubt that Colonel Graham is a gallant soldier, but he has only a limited vocation for authorship. Although he has spared no pains in the collection of facts to illustrate and support his opinions, the fruits of his research are laid before his readers without much order or arrangement. He is fond of indulging in reflections of the most obvious and commonplace kind, and delights to prove with elaborate care propositions that no one would ever think of contesting. His style is loose and inaccurate; and these faults, which might have been easily pardoned in a military man, are accompanied by another, which it is not so easy to forgive. It has been Colonel Graham's misfortune to contract a taste for metaphysics, or, at any rate, to read a number of works on that subject. They have evidently, as might have been expected, proved too much for his mental digestion. Fragments from their pages pervade his book to a most unpleasant extent, giving to some of the chapters very much the appearance which must have been presented by that celebrated treatise on Chinese metaphysics which the critic of the *Eatonswill Gazette* produced by a process familiar to all readers of "Pickwick." Upon points on which we should have been glad to hear the author's opinion as a soldier, we are put off with a tedious and irrelevant *réchauffé* of the lights and guides of the metaphysical student. As an illustration of what we mean, and of the way in which Colonel Graham rides his pet hobby, we may take his chapter on the theory of enlistment. He begins by citing the opinions of a number of witnesses—most of them soldiers of large practical experience—who were examined before a Parliamentary Committee in 1850, with respect to the causes which lead men to enlist. We are sorry to find that they unanimously concur in thinking that love of the service or patriotism has very little influence on the recruits, and that for the most part they enter the army because idleness or profligacy has left them no other resource. Colonel Graham, on the contrary, does not agree with a view so little flattering to the army, and, in many respects, so unsatisfactory. But, when we expect that he is about to refute it by facts, or by opinions of an equally practical character, we find ourselves treated to a general dissertation on the springs of human action, and a series of quotations from Mill's "Logic," Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments," Tucker's "Light of Nature," Dr. Brown's "Philosophy of the Human Mind," and Dr. Whewell's "Moral Philosophy." With every respect for such eminent writers, we cannot think that their works contribute towards "a theory of enlistment" materials at all equal to those which are furnished by the evidence of Sir George Wetherell, Sir John Macdonald, and Mr. Nurse, the publican of Charles-street, Westminster.

But, although Colonel Graham's work is not a satisfactory treatise upon the important subject which he has taken in hand, it may nevertheless be consulted with both pleasure and profit. He is evidently an omnivorous student; and the contents of his commonplace books,—although they are transferred in a very crude condition to the pages before us,—supply a good deal of interesting and suggestive reading. We may pass over the first chapter, which is devoted to setting forth the importance of that moral ascendancy which good officers never fail to acquire over their men. Upon the next, which is devoted to the theory of enlistment, we have already commented. In that upon standing armies, Colonel Graham takes an opportunity of advocating the establishment of institutions for training up boys for the army, and also expresses an opinion favourable to the employment of soldiers in industrial occupations. Under the head of "military eloquence," we have a collection of addresses delivered by great commanders to their troops on the eve of battle. The most amusing thing here is,

however, a bit of American eloquence, which we do not recollect to have seen previously reprinted on this side of the Atlantic. It is perfect in its way:—

"In the manifesto of the coloured citizens of New York, it is asserted that 'this war, so fiercely raging over the broad fertile acres of this, the best heritage ever enjoyed by man, is not a fratricidal conflict, but one of the most justifiable wars that were ever inaugurated beneath the smiling, radiant dome of all the broad heavens.' The poetry of the man of colour is appealed to in the prophecy that, in case of a defeat in this war, 'in the reign of tyranny thence ensuing the human heart must of necessity become chilled and frozen; art, science, and religion must go out as oilless lamps; darkness must eclipse the light; the garden of the mind run to waste and weeds; human genius be vagabond, stifled, and dumb, as of old; and the spirit of misrule sweep the fair green earth with the besom of destruction.' The religious imagination of the negro is stirred by the appeal:—'Let the cohorts of freedom now yield an inch, and the blood of Jesus will almost have been shed in vain, the sacrifice of Calvary prove a failure, the spontaneity of the human soul be chilled and frozen, human genius be stifled, talent be warped, and eloquence be dumb, as in the dead years of the far-off past.' Negro chivalry is told that 'every drop of blood shed from Northern veins is a sacrifice on the holy altar of human freedom, and for ever consecrate to the ever-blessed Redeemer of mankind. What!' proceeds the African orator, 'the banner whose blazonry is the stars of heaven to fall tattered to the dust before the sulphureous hail of treason's cannonry—a treason more foul and despicable than aught ever before witnessed by His starry eyes, looking down from the deep blue sky!'"

The "influence of music" in stirring up a martial spirit and maintaining it at the fighting pitch is a topic which Colonel Graham treats slightly, but certainly not less profitably than the "causes, forms, and policy of war," upon which it is quite sufficient to say that no new light is cast by the elaborate but very superficial chapter which the author has devoted to them. The most generally interesting portion of his work is that devoted to "stratagems." By these he apparently understands anything that is done with the view of "circumventing the enemy." He has carefully set forth a large number of the most successful devices which have been employed by generals for the purpose of deceiving their antagonists. But, before entering into details, he discusses at some length the extent to which the licence of war legitimately extends.

We pass over a rather tedious and metaphysical dissertation with which Colonel Graham favours his readers upon different views which have prevailed at different times as to what was or was not consistent with honour; but we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a singular letter which he gives us from "Cornwallis's Memoirs." It illustrates very strikingly the state of manners and discipline in the British army towards the end of the last century. We cannot reflect without some satisfaction upon the progress we have made since the time when it was possible for a subaltern officer to address the commander of his regiment in the following terms:—

"Sir,—I believe I am a member of the — mess; if so, I will take the liberty to submit the following argument, viz.,—Every gentleman under the immediate propensity of liquor has different propensities; to prove which I have only to mention the present instance with respect to myself and Lieutenant —. My propensity, noise and riot; his, sleep. I ever conceived that, in a public mess-room, three things were certain. First, that it was open to every officer who chose to pay the subscription; second, that he might indulge himself with liquor as much as he pleased; and, third, that if a gentleman, and a member of the mess, chose to get intoxicated in the mess-room, no other officer (however high his rank in the regiment) has a right, or dare order, to restrain (not being president) his momentary propensity in the mess-room. As such, and this being the case, I must inform you that you have acted in a most unprecedented and unknown, not to say ungentlemanlike, way, in presuming to enter the mess-room as a commanding officer, and to bring a sentry at your back (which you asserted you had), to turn out the amusement (a hand organ) of the company (a stranger being present), and thereby prevent the harmony which (it is ever supposed) ought to subsist in a mess-room."

"I appeal to you as a gentleman. If you will answer this letter as such, you, at all times, know how to direct to

"—, Lieut. — Foot."

This, however, is rather apart from the main scope of the chapter, which is, as we have already said, the illustration by examples of the different methods adopted by commanders for concealing their own designs, or discovering those of their opponents. It is on this purely professional ground, where he gets entirely rid of his metaphysics, that the author appears to the greatest advantage. The subject is not capable of very systematic treatment; but all that can be done is to supply a tolerable *catalogue raisonné*, ranged under convenient heads, of the most notable and successful stratagems of the great masters of war. This is accomplished with very fair success by Colonel Graham, who can describe military operations with a brevity and precision which are by no means conspicuous in his dissertations on moral principles or the emotional sensibilities. His extensive reading stands him here in good and legitimate stead; and, while the soldier-student will find this division of the book useful as a compendium, the civilian will derive from it all the pleasure which a well-selected collection of military anecdotes and stories never fails to afford.

From a chapter on the training, the employment, and the proper

* Military Ends and Moral Means. By Col. Jas. J. Graham, Author of "The Art of War." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

use of "spies," we take an account of one of the most remarkable of these worthies who figured during the Peninsular war:—

"In 1814, there was in the French service in Spain a Spaniard, of Flemish descent, called Van Halen, a handsome person, and with a natural disposition for desperate treasons. He was at first attached to Joseph's court, and, after that monarch's retreat from Spain, was placed by the Duke of Feltre on Suchet's staff; but the French party was now a failing one, and Van Halen only sought by some notable treachery to make his peace with his country. Through the medium of a young widow, who followed him without suffering their connection to appear, he informed Eroles of his object, and transmitted returns of Suchet's force and other matters of interest. At last, having secretly opened Suchet's portfolio, he copied the key of his cipher, and transmitted that also, with an intimation that he would soon pass over and endeavour to perform some other service at the same time also. Shortly after, he endeavoured to deliver a regiment of Cuirassiers into the hands of the Spaniards, but, by some accident, the scheme miscarried.

"He then forged Suchet's signature, and sent letters to the Governors of Tortosa, Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon, directing the evacuation of those places; the Governor of Tortosa had suspicions as to the genuineness of the letter, and did not comply; but the others did, and two generals, 2,600 men, four guns, and a rich military chest, thus fell into the hands of the Spaniards.

"In order to guard against such treachery as that of Van Halen, Suchet used to place a very small piece of light-coloured hair in the ciphered paper; the latter was then enclosed in a quill, sealed, and wrapped in lead; when received, the small parcel was carefully opened on a sheet of white paper, and if the hair was discovered, the communication was good; if not, the treachery was apparent; because the hair would escape the vigilance of uninitiated persons, and be lost by any intermediate examination; but Van Halen knew this secret also."

With this extract we must conclude. Although we cannot assign the work before us any high place amongst books on the theory and practice of war, it certainly contains a good deal of readable matter, and will, no doubt, form an acceptable addition to soldiers' libraries.

PHILOLOGY IN ENGLAND.*

In general, there is a remarkable contrast between the English learned and scientific societies. The discussions and publications of the former rarely show as a whole even that moderate degree of merit which is attained by freedom from positive error: those of the latter are almost always up to the level of contemporary knowledge, and usually contribute something to its advancement. How is this to be explained? No doubt it is partly due to the great precision of natural science, and the ease with which a man of intelligence can master any one of several of its minor branches. But it is mainly due to a larger cause. In the race with learning, natural science has had the start by some two hundred years. Bacon having laid down a true basis, the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries witnessed the entire disappearance of the old method and the establishment of much of the new. But learning was not influenced by the philosophy that revolutionized science until less than a century ago, and it is not many years since the truth of the new method has been generally accepted. Thus, in science there is a thorough agreement, whereas in literature the remnant of the old school still obstructs where it does not openly oppose. In almost every publication of a learned society, we meet with a paper or papers written by intelligent and educated men, but in ignorance of the first principles of the subject on which they write. As men with some general scholarship, they are supposed to be capable of treating any learned subject in a scholarly manner; but a good school and college knowledge of the classical languages does not enable any man to treat even of their mutual relation, still less of their relations to the Sanskrit and other members of the great Iranian family.

When the English learned societies in general are thus far below the Continental mark, it is very satisfactory to know that one can meet its foreign rivals on equal terms. It is impossible to give higher praise to the Transactions of the Philological Society than to say that they might have been written where they are, curiously enough, printed and published—at Berlin. For, however the more cautious genius of our countrymen may excel that of the Germans in other provinces, in this it is unquestionably far behind. This volume, however, raises hopes that it may not be long before we shall take an equal place with our Teutonic rivals in this great department of learning, more especially as the essays of which it consists are of a thoroughly English complexion, though their writers are well acquainted with the standard foreign authorities.

It has often been said in late years that we are singular in the neglect of our fine language, into which corruptions, and even barbarisms, find an entrance, such as in the case of their own languages would be strictly excluded by the lexicographers and grammarians of France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. This is partly because Englishmen, except when training for competitive examinations, receive no instruction in their own language; partly because the practical character of the nation readily admits any useful word without waiting to ask whether it is philologically admissible, or, if not, could be represented by another not open to this objection. Thus, the study of the English language had fallen into disrepute among us, and we had come to accept not merely

Americanisms, but American dictionaries. Latterly, the influence of English poets who found something to admire and consider, if not to imitate, in their earlier predecessors of the Elizabethan age, attracted the general attention of the studios to the finest productions of our native poetry, and so to a careful study of the language when it was more idiomatic and less corrupt. Now, an almost unfair attention is paid to the sources, history, and characteristics of our language, so that those Oriental and other foreign forms of speech which are unconnected with it run some risk of an undue neglect. It is possible to be too regardful of the pre-Elizabethan literature when, for instance, the vast stores of Semitic learning are not only unstudied, but almost unknown.

The present volume is wholly concerned with Iranian philology. It contains fourteen papers, and a fifteenth is given in an appendix. Of these, six treat wholly, and three partly, of questions in English or Anglo-Saxon philology. It would be well were a wider scope attempted by the society; for limitation tends to produce a distaste for generalization, and a want of results. No doubt, English philology is at present in that condition which produces rather materials for generalization than that final work of genius which, if attempted too soon, as by Max Müller and Renan, impedes such sober labours as gave Bopp and Gesenius permanent renown. Yet there is here a golden mean, and we cannot but think that our learned philologists are, if possible, a little too fond of hard technicalities; but they are learned, and this, in these days of learned societies, on the *à non lucendo* principle, is no small merit.

Professor Key, of University College, is the most frequent contributor. Besides three etymological papers, he gives a comparative one on the subject, "The Sanskrit Language, as the basis of linguistic science, and the labours of the German school in that field—are they not overvalued?" This title is, in one respect, a misnomer, for the study of Sanskrit can only be considered as affording a basis for linguistic science in its bearing upon the family to which that language belongs. The expression is suggestive, in connection with a remark we have already made, as to the limitation of inquiry by the majority of English philologists. The essay is mainly directed against Max Müller and Bopp. The writer, with his usual keenness, attacks the theories of the former and the facts of the latter. The Oxford Professor certainly lays himself open to assault by his daring love of theory, due not so much to his wish to be understood by a popular audience as to his intensely poetical cast of mind. Bopp, as the founder of comparative grammar, doubtless has committed some faults inevitable to his position, and has indulged in the national love of over-refining in dealing with those questions which are, in their very nature, incapable of positive solution; but to Max Müller we owe the popularity of comparative philology in this country, and to Bopp the very science. To decry Bopp is as unfair as to decry Niebuhr, who, like Bopp or Achilles, was not invulnerable. Professor Key's method is not the most satisfactory. He begins with a fair avowal that he is unacquainted with Sanskrit. This is putting himself out of court at once, for he cannot judge of the value of the labours of Sanskrit scholars without an intimate knowledge of the language. That knowledge would force him to the conviction, that, though errors in method have been committed, it is only through Sanskrit that we can hope to obtain that insight into the classical languages which has never been gained by purely classical scholars.

Mr. Cayley's paper, "Remarks and Experiments in English Hexameters," requires deep study, dealing as it does with that great *tour de force* of our poetry which so many have unhappily attempted. The chief point on which he insists is the distinction between the Latin and Greek hexameter, and the importance of accent as well as quantity in a faithful rendering of the latter. But what shall we say of such a line as—

"Lo! these were strongest upon earth of man's generations?"

Surely "on" for "upon" would have been less harsh, if less accurate. And we do not believe that the dactyle, as the fifth foot, will ever be pleasant in an English verse, especially when it is made up of monosyllables, as "ruled by a senior," "they for a comrade," "and for his household," which occur in the few lines of ideal hexameters given by Mr. Cayley. But, if he has scarcely succeeded in this most difficult feat, the inquiry is full of interest and value, more especially as tending to throw light upon the more refined part of the mechanism of Greek verse, though there is a step further, the investigation of the consonant sounds, of which all the great poets have shown a marvellous knowledge.

The most important paper in the volume is Mr. F. W. Newman's on the Umbrian Language, the result of his study of the Eugubine Tables. He was led to this attempt by the remark of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, who, when expressing his mistrust of the interpreters of hieroglyphics, observed that the Umbrian inscriptions had never been satisfactorily translated. Here was a case in which the language was evidently allied to one with which we were thoroughly acquainted, the Latin, and yet nothing had been made of its remains. The cause was, that "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," except, indeed, to an ardent philologist. The Umbrian was evidently very different from Latin, and would cost great pains to read, and the inscriptions were too few and evidently too technically religious to promise any result of value. But Mr. Newman is an ardent philologist, and thinks otherwise—to which conviction of his we are indebted for a thorough inquiry, conducted independently of that of Aufrecht and Kirchhoff, which confirms it. To the students of the early history of the Latin language this paper will be of much interest, and it raises a hope that the writer will attempt the far more difficult subject of Etruscan.

* Transactions of the Philological Society, 1862-3. Published for the Society by A. Asher & Co., Berlin.

The least pretending, but by no means the least curious, paper in the volume, is Dr. Bath Smart's on "The Dialect of the English Gypsies," printed, we suppose for some technical reason, as an appendix. It contains very full materials for an investigation of the Gypsy language, especially a vocabulary, which gives in parallel columns the word in the English dialect, its meaning, various forms of other dialects, Hindostanee originals, and other proposed equivalents. The writer, who does not seem to be a professional philologist, draws no conclusions; but he has the merit, not common with those who do, of furnishing ample materials. The Hindostanee origin of the Gypsy language is sufficiently evident from a glance at the sketch of grammar and the vocabulary; but a more intricate field of inquiry is suggested by the comparative table—the tracing of the various dialects to a single source in the primitive Gypsy language. As the English Gypsies speak a mixed language, in which their *romanes* is adulterated with English, it would be curious to inquire how far the latter has affected the pronunciation of the former. Considering, however, the nomadic habits of the Gypsies since the remote time when they left the Indian Peninsula, it is marvellous that the old language should be clearly traceable, and that in every dialect. One would have thought that in such a case, as in that of the American languages, only the most essential portion of the speech would have survived in the various descendants of an original to which there was no tie, but that—in Indians a very strong one—of religious observance. The Gypsies have long forgotten country, manners, dogmas, everything by which language would be kept alive, except the inherent principle of the caste system, which has preserved them a distinct race, in physical characteristics as in language, wherever they are found. The case resembles that of the Jews, with this signal difference, that in the West the Jew is an Eastern, in the East he is a Western. Dark hair, eyes, and skin here mark the descendant of Israel; but near his own home, in Egypt, for instance, he is blue-eyed, fresh-coloured, and, like David, with red or auburn hair.

MARION.*

THE enemies of "Manhattan" have reason to rejoice that he has written a book. His letters from New York to the *Standard* were sufficient to prove that he was a reckless writer, careless of his own reputation, and ready to attack that of any man or woman with whom he disagreed; but they did not convict him of being a literary leper—one who should be kept at a distance as unclean. The evidence which they did not offer is copiously afforded by the novel which forms his latest work. From the first to the last chapter, its readers are compelled to breathe an impure and noisome atmosphere. Its incidents are revolting, its language is coarse, and its characters are disreputable. The story is utterly devoid of interest, and it is probably for that reason that the author has spiced it with details which render it more fit for Holywell-street than for Brook-street. How such a production could have found a respectable publisher to endorse its demerits is a mystery. We observe on the title-page of "Marion" the words, "All rights reserved." Surely they cannot have reference to the Copyright Act. The publishers can scarcely claim an exclusive right to bring out an amended edition of a work originally issued in the United States, and Lord Campbell's Act is the only one which could take notice of such a composition as "Manhattan's" novel was before it was cooked for the English market. In case any reader of "Marion" should think our view of its author over-coloured, let him turn to the original edition of the book, published at New York under the title of "Vigor, a Novel. By Walter Barrett, Clerk." There he will find ample justification for any terms of disgust which we may apply to "Manhattan's" literary character. "Marion" is an expurgated edition of "Vigor." There are passages in the original which the most daring publisher would scarcely venture to print in England. But enough still remains to prevent the book from being received into decent society, and to justify Mr. Mudie in removing it from his catalogue to his Index Expurgatorius. It is unnecessary to enter into details; but, if any one wishes to test the accuracy of our statements, let him compare the seventh chapter of Vol. III. of "Marion" with the corresponding passage in "Vigor." The English edition says:—"By what means he [Walter Granville] had become acquainted with Clara Norris concerns us not now." The American copy describes the commencement of the acquaintance at length, and in language which may well have horrified the censor, whose duty it was to invest the characters of "Vigor" with the garb of decency.

If any of "Manhattan's" readers care to know who and what he is, they will find an account of his career in Dr. Nichols's "Forty Years in New York;" but his real name is not given there: we believe it is Scovill, but, as we have never seen it in print, we cannot be certain about the method of spelling it. Correctness in this case is unimportant, for a man who has taken no pains to make his name respected can scarcely complain if he finds it mis-spelt. In his youth he was employed as a clerk in a shipping agent's office, and when he came of age he went into business on his own account. For a time, fortune smiled on his speculations, and he seemed to be in a fair way of becoming a millionaire; but, during a tour which he made through Europe, his partners or clerks mismanaged his business, and bankruptcy terminated his hopes and his transactions. Like many other ruined Americans, he turned his attention to politics and journalism, and helped to start a daily paper, which, however, met

with no support. He next went to Washington, and there became the disciple and secretary of John C. Calhoun, the great politician of South Carolina. "After this," we are told, "he fell into bad habits, like one of his pet heroes, General Hooker, and took to drinking;" but he fortunately reformed, and a marriage with a relative of Mr. Calhoun restored him to temperance and good society. His second literary venture was to edit "a sort of rough-and-ready, rowdy kind of comic paper, called the *Pic*," and when this proved a success, he extended his journalistic horizon, and took to writing in all directions and under all manner of flags. Untroubled by principles, unhampered by self-respect, he emulated his noble ideal, James Gordon Bennett, and gained no slight reputation as a slashing writer. In addition to his other sources of emolument, says Dr. Nichols, he also holds "a snug little office under the Common Council of New York," and is altogether likely to enjoy that species of respectability which dollars can bestow.

The present work is no doubt intended as an autobiography. Marion Monck, the hero, is "Manhattan" himself, and the greater part of the personages who figure on or disfigure its pages will be quickly recognised by anyone who is well acquainted with the gossip of New York. They represent the men and women in whose society the author has spent his life; but he does not depict them in flattering colours. He brings before our eyes a dreary vision of sin, and when we close his volumes, it is with a sense of relief at having got rid of a hideous dream. The men are chiefly sensualists, who ought to be ducked in a horse-trough, or swindlers, whose proper abode would be a house of correction. The women are, in many instances, as bad as their villainous companions, and even those who are intended to produce a favourable impression are a libel on the ladies of America. The least unpleasant of the set is a Mrs. Nordheim, a young wife, aged sixteen, who says of her first husband, "I married him to obtain two thousand dollars a year. It is settled upon me, and, as long as I act right, it cannot be altered. Let him do as he pleases—keep as many women as he pleases—seduce as many girls as he chooses, or corrupt as many married women as he sees fit; it is none of my business," &c., and who proposes to her second husband without giving him the chance of refusing her hand. One living personage we are glad to see well spoken of throughout these volumes: it is Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*. He is introduced, not to say dragged in, at several points of the story, and always to be made the object of fulsome adulation. The people of Pegu paid Divine honours to persons who had been torn to pieces by apes. In like manner, we should be inclined to think that any one whom "Manhattan" abused must be worthy of special regard, and, conversely, that the objects of his admiration must be unfit for the society of honest men. We have always had a strong opinion with regard to Mr. Bennett, and it would have been mortifying if we had been compelled to modify it on finding that "Manhattan" objected to his behaviour; it is therefore with pleasure that we read the encomiums which are lavished upon his honoured head. He is a "modest, bashful person, dressed in black, who seems ashamed of his own shadow," but a man of no foolish scruples—one who "regarded those matters which become talked of among a set, or circle, as legitimate articles for a newspaper." To him the present work is dedicated, and it would have been difficult to have found a name more fitted than his to be associated with such a composition.

SPAIN.*

IN September, 1862, the Danish poet, Hans Christian Andersen, made a rapid dash into Spain, crossed over to Africa, took a brief glance at Tangier, returned to Cadiz, rushed off to Madrid, taking Seville and Cordova on his route, made his escape from the abominable weather of the Spanish capital, which was worse than that of winter in Jutland, as soon as possible, visited Toledo and Burgos on his railway journey homewards, and got over the Pyrenees to Biarritz in time to spend his Christmas in France. He found the railways excellent, the carriages most comfortable, and the speed unexceptionable. The diligences, by which he had to travel through those portions of the country which were as yet uninhabited by the iron road, were by no means slow; they rather appear to have been very fast of their kind; and, with a few exceptions, the hotel accommodation earned the traveller's praise. The materials collected in such a tour must needs be the slenderest out of which a neat octavo volume of some 300 pages could be constructed; and yet, with the aid of handbooks and biographical dictionaries, and gazetteers, and old chronicles, full many a pretentious volume has been founded upon as meagre a basis. Let it be said in praise of Mr. Andersen that he has not swelled out the history of his tour by pirating the laborious productions of other travellers. He tells his story with the same simplicity with which he has told so many tales, both of truth and fiction, heretofore. His inoffensive egotism, his shrinking terror of harsh criticism, his gentle love of children, and his mediæval belief in the power of rhyme, which he quaintly terms "bursting into song," are all exhibited in this his latest work, as though the graceful swan of which he told us in his early stories had not yet become reconciled to his station, but was still troubled with the visions of his early life, when he was persecuted as an ugly duck amongst his foster-brethren, the lively little dirty ducklings. There is some-

* In Spain. By Hans Christian Andersen, Author of "The Ice Maiden," "The Improvisatore," &c. Translated by Mrs. Bushby. London: Richard Bentley.

* Marion. By Manhattan. Three vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

thing ludicrous in the fervid enthusiasm with which he speaks of the sea upon all occasions when it is in sight, as contrasted with the horror which he feels when afloat upon its uneasy surface. He tells us that, at the first glance which he got of the Mediterranean washing the Spanish coast, he sent up a silent hymn of praise and thanksgiving to God:—

"I was in a foreign land, yet I felt myself at home; it was the sea which caused that home feeling—the glorious sea! It rolled up from the Coast of Africa with its swelling waves like the German Ocean on the Coast of Jutland, its bluish-green waves reminding me of a summer evening under the rocks of Moen."

A couple of dozen pages farther on, he laments over the necessity of taking a short coasting trip to Valencia, and writes thus:—

"I love the sea!—that is to say when I am on it, and it is calm—a bright blue expanse forming a mirror, in which the lofty heavens above are reflected. I love it—in its wildest storm—that is to say, I must be standing on *terra firma* to love it in this guise; otherwise I should be excessively annoyed by it. It was not agitated by a storm now, but it was neither bright nor smooth; the wind was rising into a breeze; the ship rolled, and I could not venture down into the cabin where dinner was served. . . . I sat on deck, sat as if I had been in a swing, and I do not like that movement; but there are many things one does not like to which one must submit."

There is humour in the foregoing, and we incline to the belief that if Mr. Andersen, with his natural powers of observation, were to give more rein to this power, and to put the curb on his romantic and rhyming tendencies, he could produce something still better and more in accord with the spirit of the age than anything he has yet done. That he is not a politician, we may assume from the fact that he hails a German, whenever he meets one on his travels, as a brother. At the time of his scamper through Spain, the Frankfort Diet had ordered the levy of Federal execution in Holstein, and Earl Russell had sent his celebrated scolding to the late King of Denmark; but the Danish poet and the Germans whom he met fraternised upon all occasions, as if they acknowledged but one and the same great Fatherland.

At Barcelona he saw for the first time a bull-fight, but it was only a mock affair. He subsequently beheld the real spectacle in all its abomination. Barcelona itself he is scarcely inclined to accredit as a genuine Spanish town. It is so French that he styles it the Paris of Spain; but in Valencia he felt himself beyond doubt in Spain. He had been assured in France that he would not get anything fit to be eaten in the Spanish hotels; but he found nothing to complain of until his arrival at Valencia. He gives the following account of the dinner table at the Fonda del Cid:—

"The dinner-bell was rung, and we found the table groaning under a load of viands. Amongst these were snail soup. There were several plates with snails, like our small ones, in their shells; it was these especially that, in the brownish soup, were so repulsive to the appetite; then followed cuttle-fish steeped in oil; but there were also many excellent dishes, fit to eat."

Although it was the middle of September, the heat was tropical, and our traveller suffered severely from it. He was obliged to walk, in order to see anything of the City of the Cid, and walking was killing work. He relates one story only—the well-known burial of the Cid, when the corpse of the hero, in full armour, fastened, sitting, upon his war-horse Babieca, went forth, surrounded by his knights and men-at-arms, put the Moors to flight, and thereby won, between death and interment, the greatest of his victories. At Orihuela he saw something of the old style of Spanish inns, of the pre-railroad period:—

"The court-yard, the rooms, the kitchen, the whole establishment, was as thoroughly old Spanish as could be. From the street you entered a yard crammed with all kinds of ancient vehicles, gigs, tarantases, carriages from the era of that valiant knight Don Quixote, of blessed memory. The diligence stood here like a noble elephant in this menagerie of conveyances. Turkey-cocks, cats, and other living creatures, crowded the crooked path that led to the entrance of the house, which was adorned by a dusty half-withered vine, on which hung rags and the parings of fruit. The wide doorway had neither a door nor a mat; the rooms were overcrowded with people at tables holding eatables; the flies buzzed in enormous swarms, swaying about like large dark veils. Not a vacant chair or bench was to be found; one had to seek for a seat outside, and be thankful to get a stone or an inverted tub, and to place yourself on it, sheltered by an umbrella from the hot rays of the sun. The kitchen was the central point from whence the other rooms diverged. The fire-place was all in a blaze: there were roasting and frying going on; women, the one uglier than the other, old and young, were hard at work scraping nuts, cutting up meat, cooking, waiting on the people; and yet all proceeding with a slowness, a laziness, an indifference, exceedingly provoking to a hungry person. The hostess, a young, fair woman, fat to a degree, issued her commands in a deep bass voice; she seemed possessed of considerable strength, and could doubtless have forced a man down on his knees. She would have made a first-rate model for the youthful wife of a bandit. She did not seem to care that a new batch of travellers had arrived, that the diligence had only a short time to stop there, and that we were all in want of food. Several times she was requested to attend to our wants, but she never even answered us. She seemed as if she saw nothing and heard nothing; she thought fit to become merry, and began chattering to a couple of favourite guests who were regaling themselves in all comfort. When, after having

waited about an hour, I seized her arm and insisted on her letting me have at least a glass of wine, she stared in amazement at me, gave me a sort of half-gracious nod, and said, 'Wait till your turn comes!' And I was obliged to wait. We were all obliged to wait, until the mules with their jingling bells were again put to the diligence, and the mayoral cracked his whip; then two old women started forward at her signal glance, spread a cloth upon the table, and placed one roast after the other before us. Madame stood in the middle of the floor, with her arms a-kimbo, and assumed such a commanding, overbearing look, that it was absolutely amusing. She might have been painted as the public-house sign."

It was at Malaga that Mr. Andersen witnessed his first real bull-fight. Twelve bulls were to be killed. But when he had seen five of them disposed of, after they had gored the bowels out of a score of horses, and tossed steeds and riders into the air several times, he found he had had enough.

Granada and the Alhambra were undergoing tinsel adornment at the time of his tour. Preparations were being made for the Queen of Spain's visit, and the grand old Moorish relics were being covered over and hidden with painted canvas, gilt paper, and Chinese lanterns. For Londoners, and all the vast body of provincials who have seen the admirably-executed model of the Alhambra at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it would be unnecessary to quote a written description, even were it peculiarly graphic, which Mr. Andersen's is not. He appears to have been overwhelmed by the gorgeousness of the architectural decorations by which he was surrounded. A peculiar exemplification of Spanish politeness was given him in Granada. He had been introduced to the colonel of the Cordoca regiment, and, when walking with him, he suddenly wished to write some poetry on the beautiful eyes of the Spanish women:—

"But I knew that I had no paper at home, and therefore went into a stationer's shop with Colonel Larramendi. The colonel presented my travelling companion and me to the shopman as strangers from the kingdom of Dinamarca. We spoke of Zamora's stay there; we spoke of Andalusian eyes; and when I wished to pay, the answer was: 'The paper was already paid!' Larramendi had made a sign, such as the Spaniards do in the cafés, signifying that the stranger was his guest. I knew that I should not be allowed to pay; but when, about a week afterwards, I went into the same shop to buy more paper, I was again told, when I was about to pay, 'It is paid!'"

"No," I said, "that is not possible! I come alone to-day; no one is with me."

"Oh yes, I am with you!" replied the stationer; "my house is yours!"

From Granada the traveller went to Gibraltar, and thence across to Tangier, on the invitation of the British and Danish Minister, Sir John D. Hay. Wishing to take home some souvenirs of Morocco, he purchased various articles at a shop in the bazaar. On his return to Paris, he found that all his purchases were of Paris manufacture. From Tangier he crossed back to Cadiz, and proceeded to Seville, where he saw the grand Murillo gallery, containing twenty-four of the master's noblest works. In a corner of the church there, he also saw the celebrated picture by Murillo's master, Baldez, called "Annihilation," in which a decaying human body is so accurately portrayed that Murillo is said to have always held his nose when passing the painting. At Cordova, as at Seville and other Spanish towns and cities, the cathedral was once a mosque. The walls of the cathedral of Seville still bear numerous inscriptions in Arabic in praise of God and His prophet Mahomet. Madrid filled the poet with such disgust at the more than Baltic coldness and disagreeableness of the weather, and the un-Spanish aspect of the city in general, that he fled from it as quickly as possible. The only reward he received for his visit was a view of the magnificent gallery of pictures at the "Exposicion Nacional de Bellas Artes de 1862," which was, fortunately, still open. He observed that on the railway from Madrid to Toledo the signal officers and the greater number of the servants were women. The dirtiest and poorest inn he had seen received him in Toledo:—

"The servants of the establishment hurried about to make things comfortable for us; the oldest fowl was killed, three large onions were peeled, the oil in the little pitcher was shaken, and breakfast, the most frugal that we had ever partaken of in Spain, was brought to us; but, then, it must be said, everything was marvellously cheap."

Toledo might well have detained the traveller, but the weather was bad, and he was in haste to get back into France. To Burgos is a short railway trip, and thence he crossed the Pyrenees to Biarritz, finding, to his great surprise, that the weather grew warmer as he went northward. The book is a pleasant, readable one. But most of the poetry with which it is rather plentifully besprinkled might as well have been omitted. It may read very well in Danish, but it cuts a rather sorry figure in an English garb.

HYBRIDITY AND "MISCEGENATION" IN MAN.*

Is the standard man a thoroughbred of the pure blood which sprang from some valley of Eden watered by the Tigris and Euphrates,

* On the Phenomena of Hybridity in the Genus Homo. By Dr. Paul Broca. Edited by C. C. Blake, F.G.S. London: Longmans.
Miscegenation; the Theory of the Blending of the Races, Applied to the American White Man and Negro. London: Trübner & Co.

or is the whole human race a family of mongrels, and the more mongrel the more aristocratic in intellect, in morality, and in physical power? This is the question of greatest interest concerned in the contentions of the anthropologists and the ethnologists as to the unity of the race, and it receives much valuable elucidation at the hands of Dr. Broca in the volume before us, which is translated and published for the Anthropological Society. At the time Dr. Prichard was pursuing his learned and very comprehensive researches into the natural history of mankind, the subject was comparatively so little thought over, that when his extensive work came to be read and its plan of argument understood, it was accepted as the basis of scientific faith in the non-hybridity of man. This belief was found to be especially agreeable, because it added one more mark of high distinction to the lord of creation, and agreed with the sacred history of the race in establishing the unity of mankind and endless fertility of the stock, in opposition to the diversity of kind and permanence of species which prevail generally throughout the organic system of the earth. Man was thus an exceptional creation in other respects than his intellect and soul. The best instances of flourishing mongrel races adduced by Prichard were the mixed Dutch and Hottentot, the Griquas, the Cafusos of Brazil, a mixed breed of Africans with the indigenous American race, and the Papuans, a cross of the Malay with the native stock of New Guinea. The objection urged against these now is, that none of them are removed from the constant addition of the foreign blood: fresh Dutchmen go to Southern Africa, Africans to the coast of America, and Malays into the islands inhabited by the Oceanic races. Without this infusion of the stronger blood, it is said that the true half-breed would gradually approximate to one or other of the two stocks, and become more and more Dutch or entirely Hottentot. Of course the monogenists have, so far, the advantage of the argument, as war, trade, and civilization generally are continually tending to spread the races, and therefore the case of a hybrid race, in which the elements are equal, can never be found. The monogenists trace all the five principal types—the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malayo-Polynesian—according to Dr. Broca, to one common stock; the polygenists, most of them, assume the same five types as original, and creative of so many distinct species of the genus *homo*, which no natural causation could have produced—that is, that no white man could be transformed into a negro. Dr. Broca, however, is cautious in admitting the term *species*; he says:—

"It can scarcely be used with certainty until science has clearly circumscribed the limits of each species of men. This moment is not yet come, and may, perhaps, never arrive; for, in the midst of constant changes produced by crossing migrations and conquests, and with the certainty that several races, or a great number of them, have disappeared within historical times (the Charruas in South America, the Guanches, the ancient black aborigines of Japan, &c.), it seems impossible to appreciate the degree of purity of certain races, to discover their origin, to know whether they are autochthonic or exotic, whether they belong to this or that *fauna*, and re-establish the ethnology of our planet as it was in the beginning. To fix the number of primitive species of men, or even the number of actual species, is an insoluble problem to us, and probably to our successors."

For our own part, we should suggest whether there is not sufficient in the five great partitions of the globe to account for the five so-called species of the race—Asia, Europe, Africa, America, and the Oceanic regions of the great islands. Who can say that ages of climatic effects, food, and habits of life, would not suffice to transform even a Caucasian to a Negro? We see every day that even the very short span of a human life spent in foreign climates is enough to develop some signs of transformation; it must have been remarked by many, how the children of Europeans, born and bred to the age of manhood in Australia or New Zealand, show very decidedly some of the characteristics of the native organization. They have the same lanky limbs and lean countenances, with the glistening eyes and dark swarthy skins, and often the same listless mental condition. So, again, the modification of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Americans, both physically and mentally, is attributable to the same influences, whatever they may be, which have made the aboriginal race the fiercest, the bravest, and the most intelligent savages on the earth. That there are abundant causes at work to account for the mingling and obliteration of types of mankind, and the distinctive marks of race, there can be no doubt; but, so long as the two poles stand, the genuine Negro of the *pur sang*, the splay-featured Mongolian and Esquimaux of the north, and the more comely white and brown of the south, will be found.

With regard to the progeny of mixed species, Dr. Broca says:—"If, indeed, it were true that there are only five races of men on the globe, and it were capable of demonstration that either of them in mixing with another produced eugenic mulattoes capable of constituting a mixed race, enduring by itself without the ulterior concurrence of parent races, the embarrassment would not be at an end. We should then be obliged to prove (what is evidently impracticable) that the ten possible intercrossings between the five fundamental races are all equally and completely prolific." He mentions the population of France as a good example of a mongrel race derived from several very distinct races, which, "far from presenting a decreasing fecundity, according to some authors, grows every day in intelligence, prosperity, and numbers. Ever since the revolution has broken the last obstacle which opposed the mixture of races, and despite the gigantic wars which during twenty-five years mowed down the *élite* of its male population, France has seen the number of its inhabitants increase by more than one-third." Our

author, however, forgets to cite England, which, with a much greater loss by emigration, is an example of a flourishing mongrel race, that has increased by more than half in the same period. He considers that the mulattoes of America are not eugenic; but at the same time the number of quadroons, quinteroons, terceroons, griffes, marabouts, cabres, &c., proves that they are prolific in recrossings with the parent races. A great cause of this is the well-known preference these people have for marrying into whiter blood, which counteracts any tendency to eugenic mongrels of the first generation. He cites several authorities for the moral and intellectual inferiority of mulattoes of nearly all races; against which we must set the opinions, though they are generally expressed with great extravagance, of the author of "Miscegenation." Here we are assured that black blood is the means of all others to elevate and purify the American race—it is the very fount of sentiment. The type Apollo of mankind is a "miscegen." The blonde loves the black; her ideal of beauty is the nigger. All the victorious battle-fields in the present war have been "baptized by the blood of the negro;" and so on, in the most absurd and reckless style of the rowdy press, and evidently to serve party purposes. This is a view of the subject entirely opposed to Dr. Broca, and we need not say that it is quite outside the science of the matter. Whatever may be the intellectual qualities of the black races or the mulattoes, Dr. Broca, while expressing his adherence to the polygenist doctrine, which would assign to them an inferior place in the scale of humanity, remarks, very justly, that they are not to be humiliated because inferior in intelligence, vigour, or beauty; on the contrary, it is those who have become physically and morally degraded from the higher ranks that have descended the scale of beings, and lost rank in creation.

As a statement of the argument on both sides of a subject very difficult of investigation, Dr. Broca's treatise is most acceptable, although we are by no means satisfied that he has entertained all the causes which may be concerned in influencing the fertility of races, *inter se*, in his estimate. We may venture to say this, however, without assuming more than Mr. Blake, in his preface, lays to the account of the reading public, as possessing "the laxly-defined ideas which form an integral part of the intellectual heritage of even educated Englishmen with regard to the problems of anthropology," the meaning of which, except as a piece of fine writing, appears to us rather "laxly defined."

THE CLASSIFICATION OF THE SCIENCES.*

FROM the mere advertisement of this work by Mr. Spencer, few would be able to form any idea of its size, or, if they made the attempt, their conjecture would almost inevitably be a failure. Classification is not an easy undertaking at any time, and so many and various have been the schemes for distributing the sciences, that the arrangement of these on any new principle might naturally be considered as requiring a moderate-sized volume for its exposition; but, when to this are added Mr. Spencer's reasons for dissenting from M. Comte's philosophy, we might justly conceive the moderate volume swelling into a formidable amplitude. The six stout octavos in which are stored the doctrines of the "Philosophie Positive," contain a serious amount of matter for refutation, especially when not only our author's dissent, but its grounds also, are to be proclaimed. What, then, will be our readers' surprise to discover that Mr. Spencer's re-classification of the sciences and the reasons of his dissent from M. Comte, are both set forth in a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, enclosed within a yellow paper cover! Whatever faults there may be in Mr. Spencer's treatment of his subject, prolixity can certainly not be reckoned as one. Yet for once, we fear, brevity will be found to lose its reward; both parts of our author's subject seem to us to suffer by the way in which they have been handled. They are also of very unequal importance; for, desirable as it is in the interest of the sciences to have the best possible classification of them, we cannot hold it to be of much consequence whether Mr. Herbert Spencer is a disciple of or a dissenter from M. Comte, and, by his having treated of the two matters together, he is not unlikely to find the languid interest felt towards the personal portion of his pamphlet communicate itself to the general and important subject discussed in the other portion.

Of all the doctrines of M. Comte's philosophy, none has gained such general admiration and agreement as his mode of classifying the sciences. His principle, as is well known, was that of a *serial* arrangement, beginning from the study of the most simple or general phenomena, and proceeding successively to the most complex and particular. Mathematics and astronomy stand at the head, as being conversant with the most general, simple, and abstract subjects influencing all others, but not influenced by them. Sociology is placed at the end, as considering the most concrete and complex phenomena, depending as they do on all the preceding classes, such as chemistry, physiology, &c., without exercising on them the slightest influence. It was such a principle of arrangement in general, and M. Comte's embodiment of it in the above classification in particular, that provoked the criticism of Mr. Spencer in an essay on the "Genesis of Science," published in 1854. In that essay he set forth his objections to the principle of a serial classification, though he did not suggest any other order himself.

* The Classification of the Sciences; to which are added Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte. By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate.

It is to be regretted that, in making the suggestion of a new mode of arranging the sciences, as he does in the pamphlet before us, he does not repeat and enlarge his grounds of opposition to M. Comte's method. The fact is, that so much may be said for M. Comte's classification—it has received the sanction of so many of the best thinkers of the day, and is so infinitely superior to any that preceded it—such as Bacon's, D'Alembert's, or Stewart's—that it requires more than a few pages of Mr. Spencer's objections to upset it, and a more lucid system than the one proposed in this pamphlet to supplant it.

Our author's proposed division of the sciences is, first, into those which treat of the *abstract relations* under which things are presented to us, and those which deal with the *phenomena* themselves. The former would be represented by logic and mathematics: of the latter he makes a subdivision into—those which treat of the phenomena (1) in their elements; (2) in their totalities. The last requires explanation. Every phenomenon is a manifestation of force under several distinct modes. New sciences may aim either to educe the laws of each mode of force disentangled from the actual phenomena which severally modify them, as, *e.g.*, mechanics express the laws of pure motion without reference to friction, chemistry decomposes its substances, and separates each from all trace of every other; or sciences may aim at interpreting the entire phenomenon as a product of the several forces in action—*e.g.*, geology does not study the working of any simple agency, such as the deposition of the strata or the formation of river-beds and the like, but it sets itself to explain the whole phenomena of the earth's crust in each and all of its manifestations. The former class he denominates the abstract-concrete, the latter the concrete, sciences, and the three main divisions he elsewhere defines as “the laws of the forms,” “the laws of the factors,” “the laws of the products.” We have not room for the numerous subdivisions under each of the three heads, which may be seen at a glance in the tables which Mr. Spencer has drawn out to illustrate his classification; still less are we disposed to go through all that may be said for and against the proposed arrangement. Among the seven hundred and twenty dispositions of the six sciences that are mathematically possible, Mr. Spencer's may hold a high place; but, to our minds, it does not appear to possess the great merits of M. Comte's classification, viz., its simplicity, its connectedness, and its accordance with the development of the human mind. M. Littré, one of the most able prophets of the Positivist Philosophy, has already dealt with Mr. Spencer's objections to his master's classification; we have no doubt we shall, before long, receive his comments on the proposed substitute for it.

For the declaration of dissent from M. Comte's philosophy which Mr. Spencer appends to his pamphlet, we are indebted to a recent review of his “First Principles,” by a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who appears to have spoken of our author as a follower of M. Comte. Had Dr. Pusey or Professor Mansel been called followers of Mr. Maurice or Professor Jowett, their grief and indignation could hardly have exceeded that of Mr. Herbert Spencer at being supposed to have derived any of his doctrines from the great author of the “*Philosophie Positive*.” He is beset with fears lest any such impression should exist regarding him in England and America; the “gravity of the question at issue” calls for a direct reply to M. Langel's intimation of his supposed discipleship to M. Comte; accordingly, Mr. Spencer subjoins to his pamphlet twenty-two pages of a “Confession of Faith,” in which he vehemently repudiates any connection with the doctrines of the French *savant*. Truly, of philosophers as well as poets may be predicated the “genus irritabile.” How any one acquainted with our author's writings could have supposed him to be a follower of M. Comte, we confess we are at a loss to imagine; but, if any did think him so before, they will hardly be satisfied with the form in which he here disavows the connection. To select half a dozen leading doctrines from the works of M. Comte in single sentences, and print opposite to them as many doctrines from Mr. Spencer's own works, containing, for the most part, propositions immediately opposed, appears to us a very unsatisfactory method of dissenting from a system of philosophy. He had better have called it *points* of dissent rather than *reasons*, for reasons there are none. Had Mr. Spencer repudiated Positivism as represented by M. Comte, because its tendencies were materialistic, unchristian, illiberal, or the like, we should then have known his real sentiments in regard to the spirit and value of the Positive philosophy; but the mere confronting of his own *ipse dixit* with those of his supposed teacher,—while it establishes their difference upon certain points of interest, and so far, perhaps, shows that M. Langel was wrong in supposing him to be as sympathetic a follower as Mr. Buckle or Mr. Mill,—does not diminish the truth or the growing influence of M. Comte's teaching, except in so far as it is deprived of the supposed sympathy of Mr. Spencer. For our own part, we would gladly have welcomed any attempt to sift the tendencies and expose the errors both of the philosophical and the religious system of M. Comte; we have, moreover, sufficient confidence in our author's abilities to feel that he might not have done injustice to such a task; but simply, as in the pamphlet before us, to oppose to a philosopher's doctrines “either a widely different doctrine or a direct negation,” can, it appears to us, do no good at all. As to the comparative value of the two philosophies, we acknowledge ourselves unequal to pronounce; as to the value of their respective theologies, we leave our readers to judge from the extract with which we conclude:—

“M. Comte, not including in his philosophy the consciousness of a cause manifested to us in all phenomena, and yet holding that there

must be a religion which must have an object, takes for his object—Humanity. This collective life (of society) is the *Etre suprême*; the only one we can know, therefore the only one we can worship. I conceive, on the other hand, that the object of religious sentiment will ever continue to be—the unknown source of things. . . . Having in the course of evolution come to have for its object of contemplation the Infinite unknowable, the religious sentiment can never again (unless by retrogression) take a finite knowable like Humanity for its object of contemplation.”

Are there, we ask, no possible altars in the future, except to the “known man,” or else to the “unknown God?”

THE ABOLITION OF TESTS.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH having, with all the authority of an Oxford Professor, added to all the argumentative force and literary skill for which friends and adversaries alike give him credit, put forth a “Plea” for the abolition of religious tests in the University to which he belongs, the Rev. Mr. Bramley, Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College, has drawn his sword on behalf of the retention of those formularies, and has encountered his antagonist in a stout pamphlet, amounting almost to a small book. The rev. author calls attention, in the first place, to certain strictures by the Professor on the orthodox faith of the Church of England, which certainly show that his views are deeply coloured by the spirit of inquiry and revolution expressed in “*Essays and Reviews*,” and other recent works of the same class. But this, it may be said, only proves that the Tests do not always operate successfully in keeping out the class of men they were designed to exclude.

In combating his opponent's ideas on the subject in hand, Mr. Bramley observes that Mr. Goldwin Smith's “Plea” is in reality based on two assumptions—viz., that ordinary Christianity, or at least the Christianity of the Church, is corrupt and spurious, and that genuine Christianity is undogmatic and comprehensive. On the other hand, Mr. Bramley maintains the exact contrary. The Church, he avers, reflects and expounds the truth, and Christianity, in his estimation, is necessarily dogmatic because it is the truth. Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to imply that we are still *searching* for the truth, and that therefore men of all views should be admitted to Oxford, to assist in the inquiry. His antagonist insists that we are already *possessed* of the truth; that those who differ do so because they are *not* in possession of the truth, and that therefore they should be excluded. Alluding to the divisions that exist in the world on the subject of religious doctrine, he says:—

“Much as this is to be lamented, it can never be remedied by agreeing to differ; but only by coming to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, who is one and unchangeable. . . . When this truth is thoroughly accepted, Tests may safely be abolished: and we may not only look for the speedy reconciliation, but the immediate reunion of Christendom. Till then we must submit to see the Church and the Universities closed against certain persons.”

Mr. Bramley gives such copious extracts from Mr. Goldwin Smith's “Plea” that we may be said to see both sides of the controversy in the one pamphlet. Something of a High Church tone is perceptible in the reverend gentleman's writing; but many of his arguments will be equally acceptable to the Low Church. The publication is well-timed, the subject having come before Parliament this week.

TEXT-BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY.†

TEXT-BOOKS and manuals of photography are as common as photographs. Everybody who manipulates seems to write a book; and as some manipulate badly, so some write very bad books. We do not class the work before us in the last category. It is nicely printed on tinted paper by a provincial printer at Gloucester, glorying in the euphonious name of Bellows. The title-page gives us no clue to the authorship, but the preface to the first edition informs us that Messrs. Harvey, Reynolds, and Fowler, of Leeds, “having had considerable intercourse with practical photographers for many years, and knowing the difficulties and disappointments that not unfrequently beset a beginner in the beautiful art,” are induced to publish this work, “so that the experience of the more advanced may be rendered useful by being related to the less proficient student.” The article on the “*Æsthetics of Photography*” is acknowledged as translated from Disderi; but as, for the general mass of the book, the Leeds publishers express their acknowledgments “to all who have assisted them” in the work, it would seem to be the joint production of many hands. It may be none the worse for this, if the editorial revision and compilation be effectively conducted; and after the sale of a couple of thousand, a new edition, enlarged and improved, having been ventured upon, the conclusion would seem to be that there must be merit in the volume. A perusal of it satisfies us that there are good grounds for this commercial appreciation. The various processes are clearly and intelligibly explained, and a good deal of correct information is afforded.

* An Answer to Professor Goldwin Smith's Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford. By the Rev. H. R. Bramley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College. London and Oxford: Rivingtons.

† The Universal Text-Book of Photography; or, Manual of the Various Photographic Processes, Instruments, Art Desiderata, &c. London: Lemare.

THE LAYROCK OF LANGLEY SIDE.*

THIS is one of Mr. Brierley's pleasant Lancashire stories, in which he shows his familiarity with the manners and dialogue of the great cotton district. The tale commences about the Christmas of 1860, and the hero is one Harry Andrew, a weaver lad, who has received the name of the "Layrock of Langley Side," on account of his talents for imitating the lark in whistling—layrock being Lancashire for lark. Harry is a well-drawn character, except that he has a way of bursting into tears oftener than we could wish—a practice not generally characteristic of a young man who has "a stout heart and an unfretful disposition." Equally well sketched are Old Joe o' Dick's and Lung Yeb, and we have not often met a finer specimen of a sterling old woman than Harry's mother. Mr. Brierley's familiarity with the Lancashire dialect is beyond question; but we confess it is a drawback in its very perfection, and much of the dialogue will be hard reading to the uninitiated. His description of the habits and conversation of the lower classes shows an intimate acquaintance with the people who form the actors in his story. And thus we have a very faithful picture of a race whose character is strongly marked, and who of late have won our admiration quite as much as our sympathies by the fortitude with which they have met a great disaster. The "Layrock of Langley Side" is not essentially a love story, but it is not destitute of this universal attraction. And Mr. Brierley has shown himself as much at home in dealing with the lives of Mary Hartley and Harry Andrew as in calling out the general peculiarities of Lancashire life.

THE MAGAZINES.

IN addition to the continued stories—"Tony Butler," and "Chronicles of Carlingford"—*Blackwood* this month contains a review article on Mr. Bruce's "Life of Sir William Napier," a political article on "The Crisis of Parties" (in which the approaching downfall of the Government and decease of the Whig party are exulted over, and Mr. Gladstone's Reform speech is attributed to spite, in consequence of the right honourable gentleman being passed over in favour of Lord Clarendon as the new Premier when Palmerston resigns at the close of the session); the first of a series of papers on "The Public Schools Report," No. I. of "Letters from the Principalities," consisting of an account of the convents of Moldavia; and Part V. of "Cornelius O'Dowd on Men and Women, and Other Things in General." The writer of the article on the Public Schools Commissioners' Report, confines his attention for the present to Eton, and, while admitting the existence of defects, is strongly opposed to curtailing the Greek and Latin studies, the large amount of which is regarded by some as the cause of those defects.

Fraser likewise takes up the Report of the Public Schools Commission, which it subjects to an analytic and critical examination. Another report of Royal Commissioners is also made the subject of an article, under the title of "Indian Barracks and Hospitals"—a very interesting, but most painful, exposition of the fearfully unhealthy conditions under which our unfortunate soldiers in India are compelled to pass their lives. "A Campaigner at Home" is, as usual, discursive and gossiping. "Three Years of War in America" is a review of the military operations of the Federals and Confederates, from the commencement of hostilities down to the latest struggle between Grant and Lee. Part III. of "French Life" is light and amusing. A legal gentleman contributes an article on "Capital Punishments," highly favourable to the maintenance of hanging for murder, and even to its extension to some few other offences. With respect to cases in which, after conviction, circumstances come to light which render a revision of the sentence advisable, the writer suggests the formation of a court composed of a small number of judges, who would "relieve the Home Secretary from the intolerable pressure now put upon him." The number concludes with a long letter from Sir Emerson Tennent, replying to the charges of unfairness to Sir William Armstrong in his "History of the Guns," brought against him in the last number of the Magazine. The letter is accompanied by a rejoinder from the writer of the original article; so that the reader who is curious in such matters has now the whole controversy before him, chapter and verse.

Mr. Longfellow contributes a poem to *Macmillan*—"The Kalif of Baldacca," a fierce Oriental legend, not very well worth the telling, as it seems to us, but related with picturesqueness and spirit. A fragment by the Rev. F. J. A. Hort, entitled "The Last Days of Simon de Montfort," is a historical sketch of one of the most interesting but least studied periods of early English history, when the rebel barons, in the reign of Henry III. (acting, probably, from selfish rather than from patriotic motives), established on secure and permanent bases the Parliamentary system of this country. The article on "A Little French City" presents some curious details on the state of education and religion in France. Mr. Charles Allston Collins writes one of his fanciful essays under the designation of "Biography at a Discount," in which he alludes to an alleged paucity of biographical works at the present day, and attributes it to the decline of hero-worship. Mr. J. L. Roget discusses "The Study of Nature as a Guide to Art;" Mr. Henry Kingsley continues "The Hillyars and the Burtons;" and Part VII. is added to "A Son of the Soil."

The *Cornhill* possesses a melancholy interest, for it contains the last instalment of Mr. Thackeray's unfinished story, "Denis Duval,"—more especially mournful this month on account of the blanks left by the writer for filling in on some future day which never arrived. Denis is carried off to sea by the pressgang, and is made a midship-

man on board the vessel commanded by Captain Pearson, which was captured, after immense slaughter, by the pirate Paul Jones. With that disastrous fight the fragment concludes; but the editor of the *Cornhill* adds a "Note" in which some hints are given of the probable future progress of the story, derived from Mr. Thackeray's memoranda, a few of which are printed in full, as proof of the novelist's painstaking exactness. The editor, remarking on the opinion which had been expressed in some quarters previous to Mr. Thackeray's death, that he had written himself out, claims for "Denis Duval" the merit of being "not a whit less great" than the author's earlier works, "only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly." We must say, however, that this last production of Mr. Thackeray's pen strikes us as being, on the whole, rather flat and insipid. The first number was the best, and, although there have been some beautiful and striking passages in all, we doubt if the tale would have attracted much attention apart from the authorship which gave it lustre. The other articles in the *Cornhill* are—"The Red Shirt in Calabria," an account of Garibaldi's campaign in August, 1860, in continuation of the paper on the Sicilian campaign published last month; "The Story of a Spoilt Life," being a sketch of the late William Behnes, the sculptor, who, in spite of genius and industry, died poor and unheeded in Middlesex Hospital; "How we Mounted the Oldenhorn," a pleasant account of a mountain trip; a very agreeable paper on "Devon Lanes and their Associations;" and an essay on "The Church as a Profession," the upshot of which is that the Church is a very good calling for the rich and well-to-do, but a very bad one for "an ambitious, able, intellectual man, who is also poor." "Margaret Denzil's History" still proceeds, and we are promised in August the commencement of a new novel by the author of "Cousin Phillis" (Miss Thackeray), and, early in the new volume, the first part of a story by Wilkie Collins.

The *Dublin University Magazine* opens with a laboriously compiled article on the "Present Position of the Irish Education Question," the writer of which, while candidly admitting the good results which have in some cases flowed from the National system, thinks that "it has failed to educate the Irish people in the truest sense." The number also contains a poor article on "Milton's Minor Poems," an amusing collection of Irish fairy tales, an account of two old Irish actors of the last century (Thomas Ryder and William O'Brien), a biographical and critical sketch of the French author, Léon Gozlan, a native of Marseilles, who has the credit of inventing the sea-serpent, and a few other essays of a general character, together with some additional chapters of the novel "Yaxley and its Neighbourhood."

London Society has improved a good deal since its earlier days. The June number has some sterling and readable articles, such as "How they 'get up' a Company," "The Playgrounds of Europe—Cheap Switzerland," "The London Opera Directors" (brimming with anecdotes of great singers, composers, and managers), and "The Merchant Princes of England," the last of which—one of a series—is this month devoted to the Hawkinses of Plymouth.

The *Churchman's Magazine*, *Christian Work*, *Our Own Fireside*, and *Good Words*, contain a large amount of entertaining and instructive matter, more or less tinged with religious feelings and ideas; the last-named enriched with contributions by Mrs. Henry Wood, the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Vaughan, Sir John Herschel, Isaac Taylor, P. H. Gosse, and other eminent writers.

The *Boy's Own Magazine* continues to recommend itself to the young folks by its tales, sketches, biographies, riddles, and miscellanea; and the *Alexandra Magazine* devotes its attention to various subjects connected with the social position and requirements of women.

The *Social Science Review* is full of instructive matter. Dr. Richardson continues his papers on the "Diseases of Overworked Men," treating this month of mental overwork in the child and the student. Mr. T. Lynch, of Constantinople, gives an account of "European Schools in Modern Egypt." Dr. Lankester, under the head of "A London Coroner's Work for One Year," furnishes some grim but interesting statistics of those metropolitan casualties which necessitate the holding of inquests. "M. Boudin on the Population of France and her Colonies" is also a statistical article, valuable and suggestive; and "Social Life among the Mormons" affords an edifying glimpse into the every-day relations of the Salt Lake polygamists. An essay "On Agricultural Education," reviews, excerpts from State Papers, abstracts from the Sciences, and miscellaneous matter, complete the part.

The *Eclectic and Congregational Review* for June (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), contains articles on "Joseph Sturge," "The Poems of Mr. Caxton" (Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose little poem, "The Boatman," is highly praised), "Travelling in Norway," Elihu Burritt's work on England, Carlyle's Frederick the Great, &c. The original essay is entitled "Congregationalism—Is it a Lost Mission?"

SHORT NOTICES.

The Annual Register; a Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1863. New Series (Rivingtons).—This old-established publication, which has come down to us in regular succession from the time of Johnson and Goldsmith, has in the present issue undergone various changes in form and arrangement. It is divided into the general sections of "English History," "Foreign History," "Retrospect of Literature, Art, and Science," "Chronicle of Remarkable Occurrences" (ranged under their respective dates), "Obituary of Eminent Persons," and "Remarkable Trials;" to which are added an Appendix (consisting of "Public Documents and State Papers," "Promotions and Appointments," and "Finance Accounts") and an Index. The work seems to have been industriously and carefully compiled, and it will be found of great value to those who interest themselves in the progress of public affairs, in the unfolding of contemporary history, and in the growth of ideas and principles.

* The Layrock of Langley Side. By Benjamin Brierley. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

It is to be regretted that, in making the suggestion of a new mode of arranging the sciences, as he does in the pamphlet before us, he does not repeat and enlarge his grounds of opposition to M. Comte's method. The fact is, that so much may be said for M. Comte's classification—it has received the sanction of so many of the best thinkers of the day, and is so infinitely superior to any that preceded it—such as Bacon's, D'Alembert's, or Stewart's—that it requires more than a few pages of Mr. Spencer's objections to upset it, and a more lucid system than the one proposed in this pamphlet to supplant it.

Our author's proposed division of the sciences is, first, into those which treat of the *abstract relations* under which things are presented to us, and those which deal with the *phenomena* themselves. The former would be represented by logic and mathematics: of the latter he makes a subdivision into—those which treat of the phenomena (1) in their elements; (2) in their totalities. The last requires explanation. Every phenomenon is a manifestation of force under several distinct modes. New sciences may aim either to educe the laws of each mode of force disentangled from the actual phenomena which severally modify them, as, *e.g.*, mechanics express the laws of pure motion without reference to friction, chemistry decomposes its substances, and separates each from all trace of every other; or sciences may aim at interpreting the entire phenomenon as a product of the several forces in action—*e.g.*, geology does not study the working of any simple agency, such as the deposition of the strata or the formation of river-beds and the like, but it sets itself to explain the whole phenomena of the earth's crust in each and all of its manifestations. The former class he denominates the abstract-concrete, the latter the concrete, sciences, and the three main divisions he elsewhere defines as “the laws of the forms,” “the laws of the factors,” “the laws of the products.” We have not room for the numerous subdivisions under each of the three heads, which may be seen at a glance in the tables which Mr. Spencer has drawn out to illustrate his classification; still less are we disposed to go through all that may be said for and against the proposed arrangement. Among the seven hundred and twenty dispositions of the six sciences that are mathematically possible, Mr. Spencer's may hold a high place; but, to our minds, it does not appear to possess the great merits of M. Comte's classification, viz., its simplicity, its connectedness, and its accordance with the development of the human mind. M. Littré, one of the most able prophets of the Positivist Philosophy, has already dealt with Mr. Spencer's objections to his master's classification; we have no doubt we shall, before long, receive his comments on the proposed substitute for it.

For the declaration of dissent from M. Comte's philosophy which Mr. Spencer appends to his pamphlet, we are indebted to a recent review of his “First Principles,” by a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who appears to have spoken of our author as a follower of M. Comte. Had Dr. Pusey or Professor Mansel been called followers of Mr. Maurice or Professor Jowett, their grief and indignation could hardly have exceeded that of Mr. Herbert Spencer at being supposed to have derived any of his doctrines from the great author of the “Philosophie Positive.” He is beset with fears lest any such impression should exist regarding him in England and America; the “gravity of the question at issue” calls for a direct reply to M. Langel's intimation of his supposed discipleship to M. Comte; accordingly, Mr. Spencer subjoins to his pamphlet twenty-two pages of a “Confession of Faith,” in which he vehemently repudiates any connection with the doctrines of the French savant. Truly, of philosophers as well as poets may be predicated the “genus irritabile.” How any one acquainted with our author's writings could have supposed him to be a follower of M. Comte, we confess we are at a loss to imagine; but, if any did think him so before, they will hardly be satisfied with the form in which he here disavows the connection. To select half a dozen leading doctrines from the works of M. Comte in single sentences, and print opposite to them as many doctrines from Mr. Spencer's own works, containing, for the most part, propositions immediately opposed, appears to us a very unsatisfactory method of dissenting from a system of philosophy. He had better have called it *points* of dissent rather than *reasons*, for reasons there are none. Had Mr. Spencer repudiated Positivism as represented by M. Comte, because its tendencies were materialistic, unchristian, illiberal, or the like, we should then have known his real sentiments in regard to the spirit and value of the Positive philosophy; but the mere confronting of his own *ipse dixit* with those of his supposed teacher,—while it establishes their difference upon certain points of interest, and so far, perhaps, shows that M. Langel was wrong in supposing him to be as sympathetic a follower as Mr. Buckle or Mr. Mill,—does not diminish the truth or the growing influence of M. Comte's teaching, except in so far as it is deprived of the supposed sympathy of Mr. Spencer. For our own part, we would gladly have welcomed any attempt to sift the tendencies and expose the errors both of the philosophical and the religious system of M. Comte; we have, moreover, sufficient confidence in our author's abilities to feel that he might not have done injustice to such a task; but simply, as in the pamphlet before us, to oppose to a philosopher's doctrines “either a widely different doctrine or a direct negation,” can, it appears to us, do no good at all. As to the comparative value of the two philosophies, we acknowledge ourselves unequal to pronounce; as to the value of their respective theologies, we leave our readers to judge from the extract with which we conclude:—

“M. Comte, not including in his philosophy the consciousness of a cause manifested to us in all phenomena, and yet holding that there

must be a religion which must have an object, takes for his object—Humanity. This collective life (of society) is the *Etre suprême*; the only one we can know, therefore the only one we can worship. I conceive, on the other hand, that the object of religious sentiment will ever continue to be—the unknown source of things. . . . Having in the course of evolution come to have for its object of contemplation the Infinite unknowable, the religious sentiment can never again (unless by retrogression) take a finite knowable like Humanity for its object of contemplation.”

Are there, we ask, no possible altars in the future, except to the “known man,” or else to the “unknown God?”

THE ABOLITION OF TESTS.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH having, with all the authority of an Oxford Professor, added to all the argumentative force and literary skill for which friends and adversaries alike give him credit, put forth a “Plea” for the abolition of religious tests in the University to which he belongs, the Rev. Mr. Bramley, Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College, has drawn his sword on behalf of the retention of those formularies, and has encountered his antagonist in a stout pamphlet, amounting almost to a small book. The rev. author calls attention, in the first place, to certain strictures by the Professor on the orthodox faith of the Church of England, which certainly show that his views are deeply coloured by the spirit of inquiry and revolution expressed in “Essays and Reviews,” and other recent works of the same class. But this, it may be said, only proves that the Tests do not always operate successfully in keeping out the class of men they were designed to exclude.

In combating his opponent's ideas on the subject in hand, Mr. Bramley observes that Mr. Goldwin Smith's “Plea” is in reality based on two assumptions—viz., that ordinary Christianity, or at least the Christianity of the Church, is corrupt and spurious, and that genuine Christianity is undogmatic and comprehensive. On the other hand, Mr. Bramley maintains the exact contrary. The Church, he avers, reflects and expounds the truth, and Christianity, in his estimation, is necessarily dogmatic because it is the truth. Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to imply that we are still searching for the truth, and that therefore men of all views should be admitted to Oxford, to assist in the inquiry. His antagonist insists that we are already possessed of the truth; that those who differ do so because they are not in possession of the truth, and that therefore they should be excluded. Alluding to the divisions that exist in the world on the subject of religious doctrine, he says:—

“Much as this is to be lamented, it can never be remedied by agreeing to differ; but only by coming to the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, who is one and unchangeable. . . . When this truth is thoroughly accepted, Tests may safely be abolished: and we may not only look for the speedy reconciliation, but the immediate reunion of Christendom. Till then we must submit to see the Church and the Universities closed against certain persons.”

Mr. Bramley gives such copious extracts from Mr. Goldwin Smith's “Plea” that we may be said to see both sides of the controversy in the one pamphlet. Something of a High Church tone is perceptible in the reverend gentleman's writing; but many of his arguments will be equally acceptable to the Low Church. The publication is well-timed, the subject having come before Parliament this week.

TEXT-BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY.†

TEXT-BOOKS and manuals of photography are as common as photographs. Everybody who manipulates seems to write a book; and as some manipulate badly, so some write very bad books. We do not class the work before us in the last category. It is nicely printed on tinted paper by a provincial printer at Gloucester, glorying in the euphonious name of Bellows. The title-page gives us no clue to the authorship, but the preface to the first edition informs us that Messrs. Harvey, Reynolds, and Fowler, of Leeds, “having had considerable intercourse with practical photographers for many years, and knowing the difficulties and disappointments that not unfrequently beset a beginner in the beautiful art,” are induced to publish this work, “so that the experience of the more advanced may be rendered useful by being related to the less proficient student.” The article on the “Æsthetics of Photography” is acknowledged as translated from Disderi; but as, for the general mass of the book, the Leeds publishers express their acknowledgments “to all who have assisted them” in the work, it would seem to be the joint production of many hands. It may be none the worse for this, if the editorial revision and compilation be effectively conducted; and after the sale of a couple of thousand, a new edition, enlarged and improved, having been ventured upon, the conclusion would seem to be that there must be merit in the volume. A perusal of it satisfies us that there are good grounds for this commercial appreciation. The various processes are clearly and intelligibly explained, and a good deal of correct information is afforded.

* An Answer to Professor Goldwin Smith's Plea for the Abolition of Tests in the University of Oxford. By the Rev. H. R. Bramley, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. Mary Magdalen College. London and Oxford: Rivingtons.

† The Universal Text-Book of Photography; or, Manual of the Various Photographic Processes, Instruments, Art Desiderata, &c. London: Lemare.

THE LAYROCK OF LANGLEY SIDE.*

THIS is one of Mr. Brierley's pleasant Lancashire stories, in which he shows his familiarity with the manners and dialogue of the great cotton district. The tale commences about the Christmas of 1860, and the hero is one Harry Andrew, a weaver lad, who has received the name of the "Layrock of Langley Side," on account of his talents for imitating the lark in whistling—layrock being Lancashire for lark. Harry is a well-drawn character, except that he has a way of bursting into tears oftener than we could wish—a practice not generally characteristic of a young man who has "a stout heart and an unfretful disposition." Equally well sketched are Old Joe o' Dick's and Lung Yeb, and we have not often met a finer specimen of a sterling old woman than Harry's mother. Mr. Brierley's familiarity with the Lancashire dialect is beyond question; but we confess it is a drawback in its very perfection, and much of the dialogue will be hard reading to the uninitiated. His description of the habits and conversation of the lower classes shows an intimate acquaintance with the people who form the actors in his story. And thus we have a very faithful picture of a race whose character is strongly marked, and who of late have won our admiration quite as much as our sympathies by the fortitude with which they have met a great disaster. The "Layrock of Langley Side" is not essentially a love story, but it is not destitute of this universal attraction. And Mr. Brierley has shown himself as much at home in dealing with the lives of Mary Hartley and Harry Andrew as in calling out the general peculiarities of Lancashire life.

THE MAGAZINES.

In addition to the continued stories—"Tony Butler," and "Chronicles of Carlingford"—*Blackwood* this month contains a review article on Mr. Bruce's "Life of Sir William Napier," a political article on "The Crisis of Parties" (in which the approaching downfall of the Government and decease of the Whig party are exulted over, and Mr. Gladstone's Reform speech is attributed to spite, in consequence of the right honourable gentleman being passed over in favour of Lord Clarendon as the new Premier when Palmerston resigns at the close of the session); the first of a series of papers on "The Public Schools Report," No. I. of "Letters from the Principalities," consisting of an account of the convents of Moldavia; and Part V. of "Cornelius O'Dowd on Men and Women, and Other Things in General." The writer of the article on the Public Schools Commissioners' Report, confines his attention for the present to Eton, and, while admitting the existence of defects, is strongly opposed to curtailing the Greek and Latin studies, the large amount of which is regarded by some as the cause of those defects.

Fraser likewise takes up the Report of the Public Schools Commission, which it subjects to an analytic and critical examination. Another report of Royal Commissioners is also made the subject of an article, under the title of "Indian Barracks and Hospitals"—a very interesting, but most painful, exposition of the fearfully unhealthy conditions under which our unfortunate soldiers in India are compelled to pass their lives. "A Campaigner at Home" is, as usual, discursive and gossiping. "Three Years of War in America" is a review of the military operations of the Federals and Confederates, from the commencement of hostilities down to the latest struggle between Grant and Lee. Part III. of "French Life" is light and amusing. A legal gentleman contributes an article on "Capital Punishments," highly favourable to the maintenance of hanging for murder, and even to its extension to some few other offences. With respect to cases in which, after conviction, circumstances come to light which render a revision of the sentence advisable, the writer suggests the formation of a court composed of a small number of judges, who would "relieve the Home Secretary from the intolerable pressure now put upon him." The number concludes with a long letter from Sir Emerson Tennent, replying to the charges of unfairness to Sir William Armstrong in his "History of the Gun," brought against him in the last number of the Magazine. The letter is accompanied by a rejoinder from the writer of the original article; so that the reader who is curious in such matters has now the whole controversy before him, chapter and verse.

Mr. Longfellow contributes a poem to *Macmillan*—"The Kalif of Baldacca," a fierce Oriental legend, not very well worth the telling, as it seems to us, but related with picturesqueness and spirit. A fragment by the Rev. F. J. A. Hort, entitled "The Last Days of Simon de Montfort," is a historical sketch of one of the most interesting but least studied periods of early English history, when the rebel barons, in the reign of Henry III. (acting, probably, from selfish rather than from patriotic motives), established on secure and permanent bases the Parliamentary system of this country. The article on "A Little French City" presents some curious details on the state of education and religion in France. Mr. Charles Allston Collins writes one of his fanciful essays under the designation of "Biography at a Discount," in which he alludes to an alleged paucity of biographical works at the present day, and attributes it to the decline of hero-worship. Mr. J. L. Roget discusses "The Study of Nature as a Guide to Art;" Mr. Henry Kingsley continues "The Hillyars and the Burtons;" and Part VII. is added to "A Son of the Soil."

The *Cornhill* possesses a melancholy interest, for it contains the last instalment of Mr. Thackeray's unfinished story, "Denis Duval,"—more especially mournful this month on account of the blanks left by the writer for filling in on some future day which never arrived. Denis is carried off to sea by the pressgang, and is made a midship-

man on board the vessel commanded by Captain Pearson, which was captured, after immense slaughter, by the pirate Paul Jones. With that disastrous fight the fragment concludes; but the editor of the *Cornhill* adds a "Note" in which some hints are given of the probable future progress of the story, derived from Mr. Thackeray's memoranda, a few of which are printed in full, as proof of the novelist's painstaking exactness. The editor, remarking on the opinion which had been expressed in some quarters previous to Mr. Thackeray's death, that he had written himself out, claims for "Denis Duval" the merit of being "not a whit less great" than the author's earlier works, "only broader, more soft, more mellow and kindly." We must say, however, that this last production of Mr. Thackeray's pen strikes us as being, on the whole, rather flat and insipid. The first number was the best, and, although there have been some beautiful and striking passages in all, we doubt if the tale would have attracted much attention apart from the authorship which gave it lustre. The other articles in the *Cornhill* are—"The Red Shirt in Calabria," an account of Garibaldi's campaign in August, 1860, in continuation of the paper on the Sicilian campaign published last month; "The Story of a Spoilt Life," being a sketch of the late William Behnes, the sculptor, who, in spite of genius and industry, died poor and unheeded in Middlesex Hospital; "How we Mounted the Oldenbourn," a pleasant account of a mountain trip; a very agreeable paper on "Devon Lanes and their Associations;" and an essay on "The Church as a Profession," the upshot of which is that the Church is a very good calling for the rich and well-to-do, but a very bad one for "an ambitious, able, intellectual man, who is also poor." "Margaret Denzil's History" still proceeds, and we are promised in August the commencement of a new novel by the author of "Cousin Phillis" (Miss Thackeray), and, early in the new volume, the first part of a story by Wilkie Collins.

The *Dublin University Magazine* opens with a laboriously compiled article on the "Present Position of the Irish Education Question," the writer of which, while candidly admitting the good results which have in some cases flowed from the National system, thinks that "it has failed to educate the Irish people in the truest sense." The number also contains a poor article on "Milton's Minor Poems," an amusing collection of Irish fairy tales, an account of two old Irish actors of the last century (Thomas Ryder and William O'Brien), a biographical and critical sketch of the French author, Léon Gozlan, a native of Marseilles, who has the credit of inventing the sea-serpent, and a few other essays of a general character, together with some additional chapters of the novel "Yaxley and its Neighbourhood."

London Society has improved a good deal since its earlier days. The June number has some sterling and readable articles, such as "How they 'get up' a Company," "The Playgrounds of Europe—Cheap Switzerland," "The London Opera Directors" (brimming with anecdotes of great singers, composers, and managers), and "The Merchant Princes of England," the last of which—one of a series—is this month devoted to the Hawkinses of Plymouth.

The *Churchman's Magazine*, *Christian Work*, *Our Own Fireside*, and *Good Words*, contain a large amount of entertaining and instructive matter, more or less tinged with religious feelings and ideas; the last-named enriched with contributions by Mrs. Henry Wood, the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Vaughan, Sir John Herschel, Isaac Taylor, P. H. Gosse, and other eminent writers.

The *Boy's Own Magazine* continues to recommend itself to the young folks by its tales, sketches, biographies, riddles, and miscellanea; and the *Alexandra Magazine* devotes its attention to various subjects connected with the social position and requirements of women.

The *Social Science Review* is full of instructive matter. Dr. Richardson continues his papers on the "Diseases of Overworked Men," treating this month of mental overwork in the child and the student. Mr. T. Lynch, of Constantinople, gives an account of "European Schools in Modern Egypt." Dr. Lankester, under the head of "A London Coroner's Work for One Year," furnishes some grim but interesting statistics of those metropolitan casualties which necessitate the holding of inquests. "M. Boudin on the Population of France and her Colonies" is also a statistical article, valuable and suggestive; and "Social Life among the Mormons" affords an edifying glimpse into the every-day relations of the Salt Lake polygamists. An essay "On Agricultural Education," reviews, excerpts from State Papers, abstracts from the Sciences, and miscellaneous matter, complete the part.

The *Eclectic and Congregational Review* for June (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), contains articles on "Joseph Sturge," "The Poems of Mr. Caxton" (Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose little poem, "The Boatman," is highly praised), "Travelling in Norway," Elihu Burritt's work on England, Carlyle's Frederick the Great, &c. The original essay is entitled "Congregationalism—Is it a Lost Mission?"

SHORT NOTICES.

The Annual Register; a Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1863. New Series (Rivingtons).—This old-established publication, which has come down to us in regular succession from the time of Johnson and Goldsmith, has in the present issue undergone various changes in form and arrangement. It is divided into the general sections of "English History," "Foreign History," "Retrospect of Literature, Art, and Science," "Chronicle of Remarkable Occurrences" (ranged under their respective dates), "Obituary of Eminent Persons," and "Remarkable Trials;" to which are added an Appendix (consisting of "Public Documents and State Papers," "Promotions and Appointments," and "Finance Accounts") and an Index. The work seems to have been industriously and carefully compiled, and it will be found of great value to those who interest themselves in the progress of public affairs, in the unfolding of contemporary history, and in the growth of ideas and principles.

* The Layrock of Langley Side. By Benjamin Brierley. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

The Theory of the Exchanges (T. C. Newby).—The work so designated bears the sub-titles, "The Bank Charter Act of 1844. The Abuse of the Metallic Principle to Depreciation. Parliament Mirrored in Debates, supplemental to 'The Stock Exchange and the Repeal of Sir J. Barnard's Act.'" We give the reader the benefit of this exposition, for we must honestly confess that that is all we can tell him about the book. If the author really has any meaning, he has wrapped it up in sentences of such marvellous and mysterious obscurity as to defy detection. Such a wild and astounding jumble of words, with no apparent relevance to one another, we have never yet met with except in professedly nonsense verses. We are half inclined to think the whole thing must be a humorous attempt to test the gullibility of reviewers.

The Man of Business, Considered in Six Aspects: a Book for Young Men (Edinburgh: Nimmo).—We have here a reprint of an American work on the Position, Influence, Duties, Perplexities, Temptations, Intellectual Culture, Home Responsibilities, and Responsibilities as Citizens and Church Members, of Men of Business. The writers are all American clergymen, and the style of the essays is very much that of sermons on social topics. It is the fault of such books generally that they encourage in the classes they address too grand and exclusive an idea of their own merits and importance. The present volume, however, has attained a wide popularity in America; and, although it is sometimes a little too highly coloured, it contains much that is sensible and true.

England among the Nations. By John Lalor, A.B. (Chapman & Hall).—A brief preface, signed "M. A. L.," informs us that this little book originally formed a portion of a larger work published in 1852, and that "such omissions and additions as recent events have rendered necessary have been made by a friend." The text of the discourse is to be found in the fears expressed in certain quarters during the year 1852, lest the vehement denunciations of the Napoleonic *coup d'état* uttered by the *Times* and many other organs of the press should induce the French despot to make a sudden swoop upon England, and extinguish it. This is characterized by the writer as a disgraceful instance of cowardice and subservency; and he attributes it to the absence of the warlike spirit, and to the growth of pacific and mercantile habits. He mourns over the ill-defended state of our island (this, it will be remembered, was the state existing twelve years ago), and suggests divers reforms, some of which have since been carried out. He defends the military character from strictures that have been made upon it, and traces the decay of all the great empires of former days to the relaxing of military discipline, the undue development of the trading instincts, and the pursuit of luxury. In England, France, and America he beholds many signs of those fatal tendencies, and he especially warns us to be on our guard against democracy, wealth-hunting, and scepticism. With some truth, there is a good deal of exaggeration in Mr. Lalor's philosophy. It would be much more exact to say that such empires as Rome, Turkey, and Spain perished from the rank excesses of military vice—inordinate lust for conquest, and brutal indifference to the rights of others—than from trade or luxury. All of these Powers, owing to the prevalence of the martial spirit in the first instance, piled up enormous masses of immoral dominion, which gradually rotted beneath them. In our own case, commerce has certainly made and not marred us. As regards the symptoms of our decline pointed out by Mr. Lalor, we can only say that such charges are as old as literature. You may find them at all times applied to all countries. It was the fashion last century to denounce the excessive luxury then prevailing, and to predict the speedy collapse of our greatness; yet we are a hundredfold more luxurious now, and at the same time far more manly, virtuous, intellectual, and powerful. If we could only live for a day in the time of Fielding, we should be astonished at the immense advance in every respect which we have made since then.

An Earnest Appeal to Evangelical Episcopalians. By Matthew Bridges, Esq. (Longman & Co.).—Mr. Bridges, formerly a member of the Evangelical section of the Church of England, and now a Roman Catholic, here addresses to his brother, the Rev. Charles Bridges, M.A., also an Evangelical, three Letters on the State of Parties in the Anglican Establishment, the Rule of Faith for Christians, and the Canon of Holy Scripture. The letters arise out of a controversy which was held some years ago at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, and which, the author tells us, made on several individuals an impression in favour of the Papistical faith. The great horror of Mr. Matthew Bridges is the Low Church. He can tolerate and even praise the Dissenters; but the Evangelicals are as gall and wormwood to him. He accuses them of cant, hypocrisy, and worldly-mindedness; he says that they have suffered the lower orders to become unchristian, and that their efforts to convert the heathen have all been expensive failures, while those of the Papacy are economical and successful. He describes Calvinism as "a misty miasma," and he denounces Luther as a coarse and virulent heretic. In opposition to all this, he vaunts the Church of Rome as the only veritable witness to the truths of Christianity. Mr. Bridges is a vehement and sturdy controversialist; but whether he has succeeded in converting his brother we do not know.

The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuch Considered in Connexion with Parts II. and III. of Bishop Colenso's "Critical Examination." By a Layman of the Church of England (Skeffington).—We have so frequently and so fully discussed the ideas of Dr. Colenso with respect to the Pentateuch, that we need do nothing more than record the appearance of this new answer to his now famous work. The present author evinces much industry, learning, and research in dealing with his antagonist; but he is a little late in the day, and the public are getting weary of the controversy.

The Hudson's Bay Company: What is it? (A. H. Bailey).—Drawing his materials from evidence brought before a Parliamentary Committee, and subsequent correspondence between the Canadian Executive and the Imperial Government, the author of this pamphlet seeks to show that the territory claimed by the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany is widely different from that derived under the charter granted by Charles II.; that Canada has never admitted the *exclusive* right of the Company to any portion of their assumed territory; that the territorial rights of the Company have never been submitted to a competent tribunal; and that the one hundred million acres of fertile land promised to the new shareholders do not exist. Very little is known in England about this vast and remote region; but the pamphlet before us may help to enlighten the general ignorance.

Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Bill for the Extension of the Suffrage in Towns (Murray).—Mr. Gladstone has published in pamphlet form his speech of May 11, with a prefatory Advertisement, in which, alluding to the comments that have been made on his remarks, he says that they were not a deliberate and studied announcement, but were "drawn forth on the moment" by the assumption of the opponents of Mr. Baines's measure, that the present limitations of the franchise are too obviously just to require any defence. "Further," says Mr. Gladstone, "I spoke with reference to the present, or rather, indeed, with a view to retrieving arrears of the past."

We have received *Look to the End: a Lay Sermon on the Situation*, by H. F. M. (Judd & Glass)—a pamphlet on the Danish question, from the German side;—*A Letter on the Administration of the Parliamentary Grant for the Promotion of Education in Great Britain*, addressed to a Member of the House of Commons, by a School Manager in the North (Groombridge and Sons);—*The Supplement to the Reform Act of 1832*, by Sir Francis Charles Knowles, Bart. (Ridgway)—"a proposal for the extension of the representation without lowering the qualification for the elective franchise;"—*On a Proposed New Court of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, by George W. Hastings (Emily Faithfull)—a paper read at a recent meeting of the Department of Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law;—*Reasons, Physical, Moral, and Religious, for Abstaining from all Intoxicating Liquors*, by the Rev. A. D. Soares (Farrah);—*Spirit-Rapping in Glasgow in 1864*, a True Narrative by One of Those Present (Murray & Sons, Glasgow), in which the tricks of a charlatan "medium" seem to be well exposed;—*The Living God the Saviour of all Men*, a "Missionary" Sermon, by R. W. Dale, M.A. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—*The Moral Government of God*, by "Epsilon" (Virtue Brothers)—a contribution to the discussion between the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown and the Rev. J. Howard Hinton on the question of Eternal Punishment, in which the writer opposes that doctrine as inconsistent with our conception of the Fatherliness of the Divine Being;—and *Geometrical Disquisitions* by Lawrence S. Benson, of South Carolina (Saunders, Otley & Co.)—an announcement to all whom it may concern, that the author has discovered the quadrature of the circle.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE sale of the first portion of the valuable and extensive library of the late J. Bowyer Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., was concluded on Tuesday, at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The catalogue comprised 1,801 lots, and the collection was perhaps the finest and most important of its kind which has been broken up for many years. As the name of the late owner would indicate, it was especially rich in county histories, on large and small paper, family memoirs, and rare books of genealogical interest, which remain as treasures in distinguished families, and only appear to vulgar eyes once in a generation, when awaiting in some public sale-room other wealthy and aristocratic owners. Not many persons attended the sale. There was certainly the well-known form of the British Museum agent, and some other sale-room *habitués*; but few of the outer public assembled at the dispersion of the library. Some gentlemen from the country, some town collectors, and several industrious booksellers who held commissions from distant parts, were quite sufficient to keep the auctioneer in a state of good-humour and contentment with the prices realised. Amongst the more important books sold we may mention—"Memoirs of Sir Hugh Cholmley, with account of his Family, privately printed," £8. 5s.; "Dugdale's Monasticon," 8 vols., with additions, £24. 10s.; "Granger's Biographical History of England, illustrated with upwards of 2,000 portraits," £14; "Hogarth's Genuine Works, with Biographical Anecdotes by J. Nichols and George Steevens," £7. 5s.; "Hære Beatæ Mariæ Virginis Secundum" (manuscript on vellum), £11. 5s.; "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments in Great Britain" (a presentation copy from the author to the late John Nichols, with much additional matter from Dugdale and other antiquaries), £130; Nichol's "History and Antiquities of Leicestershire" (the most costly of all our county histories), £138; Thomson's "Londina Illustrata," large paper, £30. 10s.; Nichol's "Topographica Britannica," 8 vols. (Mr. Boydell's subscription copy), £105; Stow's "London," extensively illustrated, £27. At the end of the sale, a number of very important collections of engravings and drawings were disposed of. That on London realized £74. The seven days' sale produced £4,025. 12s.

Lord Houghton is preparing a new and revised edition of "The Life and Letters of John Keats."

"Le Maudit," or, as Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. call it, in their English translation, "Under the Ban," has been followed by another Paris publication, which promises to sell quite as well, if not in larger numbers, than the former. A correspondent says:—"I see it announced in every corner of Paris in gigantic letters. But, as I have not yet read it, I cannot say whether it deserves as great a run as the first work of the Abbé, whose style bears some resemblance to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's. There is a good deal of the sensation element in it. But, unlike the sensation works which now swarm from the pens of British authors, the skeleton is clothed in firm flesh and muscle, so that one never perceives its ugliness. The utility in France of such a writer as the Abbé is, at the present time, unquestionable. The French press never needed more religious writers whose works are not of a dogmatic order, and the intelligent portion of the French public, I venture to say, were never more willing to read them. The unheard-of success

of Renan's 'Vie de Jésus,' Octave Feuillet's 'Sybille,' 'Mdlle. la Quintinie,' and the 'Maudit,' show that there is a strong religious movement going forward here in an anti-Papal sense, despite the enormous sums transmitted from the rural communes, in the shape of Peter's pence, to Rome, and the strong footing of the priesthood there."

"The death of the Marquise de Barolo, of this place," says a letter from Turin, "has revived an incident of interest to the literary world. In the house of this lady, Silvio Pellico passed the last twenty years of his life, and at his death left several unpublished writings in her possession. The heirs of Silvio Pellico claimed these works in order to publish them, though without success; but M. Briano, a friend of the author, being now provided with a regular authorisation, is preparing to establish the rights of the family."

The French papers inform us that Edmond About was married last week to Mdlle. de Guillerville, a Norman heiress, at the Château de Roucherailles, near Rouen.

The yearly pageants of our ancient towns are now reduced to a very small number. The processions at Coventry, Shrewsbury, Preston, and our own Lord Mayor's Show, are almost the only existing remains of these, at one period, universal celebrations. On Monday, the annual festival of "Court of Array" took place in the historic and picturesque county town of Salop. The pageant, which first originated in the festival of Corpus Christi, has now been held once a year for upwards of four centuries, and is decidedly one of the most popular celebrations of the kind which take place in the kingdom. During the day, the number of strangers present in Shrewsbury could not have been less than 20,000. The procession, the principal feature of the day, was formed at 12 o'clock, in the Market-square, headed by a marshal on horseback, bearing a shield inscribed with the Royal Arms. Immediately following the Marshal came King Henry I., the monarch who granted the first charter to Shrewsbury; Crispin and Crispianus came next, followed by the shoemakers; these were followed by tailors, drapers, and skimmers, who are supposed to be peculiarly under the influence of the god of Love. The charter of the tailors, drapers, and skimmers is dated 1627, and, according to the official programme, "recites a more ancient date." The cabinet-makers, hatters, and other handicrafts succeeded. In various parts of the pageant, allegorical and historical characters were represented. After parading through most of the streets, the procession reached Kingsland at three o'clock. Here the various monarchs and lesser dignitaries relaxed from their temporary state, and joined heartily in the festivities. Later in the evening, King Henry I. might have been seen dancing the "double shuffle," and Henry VIII., Jack Falstaff, and the "divine Williams," enjoying a cup of ale together, and smoking the calumet of peace.

The Northamptonshire peasant poet, John Clare, died on the 20th ult., in the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, and was buried in his native village on the 24th. He leaves behind him a wife and several children, and we understand that a collected edition of his poems will shortly be published for the benefit of his family.

The translation of an important work is announced by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co.:—"Mazzini, his Autobiography and Works." The work will be issued in small 8vo., a volume at a time.

The amusing little volume, "Spectropia," published by Messrs. GRIFFITH & FARREN, the successors to the famous Newberry, of Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson fame, has passed into a third edition. Doctors of medicine, we hear, set their faces entirely against the book, from the fact of its injuring the eyesight by reason of its glaring colours; but the public, by their demand, evidently disregard the advice of the faculty.

The "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin," by Mr. Fitzpatrick, now in the press, will, it is said, especially relate to the latter part of that distinguished prelate's career, presenting his admirers with scraps of his delightful conversation, his maxims, and much of that store of *ana* which he had accumulated in a long life devoted to religion and literature.

It is again stated in literary circles that a new volume of poems by Mr. Tennyson may be expected before the end of the year.

A popular edition of Mr. Theodore Taylor's recent "Memoir of the late Mr. Thackeray" will be published immediately by Messrs. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. The work has been reprinted in America by the Messrs. Appleton, and is having a large sale.

The author of "Puck on Pegasus," Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, whose recently-started *Fisherman's Magazine* is, we hear, in great favour with anglers, is about to give to the reading world another small volume of poems,—this time of a more serious character than his Puck facetiae.

A work, which will be of almost as much value to active literary men as to the persons for whose benefit it is more especially compiled, is announced for publication by the journal of Paternoster-row:—"A Directory of the Bookselling and Stationery Trades, and of all persons engaged in the manufacture or printing of books and paper."

Mr. NEWBY announces a novel by Miss Stephenson, entitled "A Heart Twice Won," which, by permission of his daughters, is to be dedicated to the memory of her cousin, the late W. M. Thackeray.—The author of "Down South," Mr. J. Philips Day, announces that his new work, "English America," will be ready early in June. It will be published by the same house.

A Collection of "Essays on Religion and Literature," edited by H. E. Manning, D.D., will shortly be ready for publication by Messrs. LONGMAN in 1 vol. The List of the Essays is as follows:—1. "Introductory." By Cardinal Wiseman. 2. "Influence of the Church on Art in the Dark Ages." By Daniel Rock, D.D., F.R.S. 3. "The Subjects proper to the Academia." By H. E. Manning, D.D. 4. "Birth-place of St. Patrick." By Cashel Hoey. 5. "On the Position of a Catholic Minority in a Non-Catholic Country." By Frederick Oakley,

M.A. 6. "On Bishop Colenso's Linguistic Objections to the Inspiration of Holy Writ." By Francis Henry Laing. 7. "On the Corroboration of Things supposed to be Legendary by Modern Research." By Cardinal Wiseman. 8. "On Christianity in Relation to Civil Society." By Edward Lucas.

Of new books in preparation we have collected the following particulars:—

Religious Books.—"The Apostle Paul and the Christian Church at Philippi. An Exposition of the 16th Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, &c." By the late J. F. Todd. (Deighton, Bell, & Co.) "The Christ of the Gospels compared with the Christ of Modern Criticism. A Series of Lectures on M. Renan's 'Vie de Jésus.'" By John Tulloch, D.D. (Macmillan.) "Directorium Pastorale. The Theory and the Practice of Pastoral Work in the Church of England." By the Rev. John Henry Blunt. "Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer." By the Rev. F. C. Massingberd, M.A. (Rivingtons.)

Poetical and General Works.—"Essays on Social Subjects, from the Saturday Review" (Blackwoods). "Guide to the Civil Service." By H. White; 6th edition (P. S. King). "Cookery for English Households." By a Lady. "Sonnets on Neology, and other Poems." By Charles Turner. "Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young. Selected and managed by C. F. Alexander" (Macmillan).

Biographical and Historical Works.—"Narrative of the Invasion of Denmark in 1864." By A. Gallenga. "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin." By W. G. Fitzpatrick, Esq. (Bentley.) "The Danes in Camp; letters from Sonderborg." By the Hon. Auberon Herbert (Saunders & Otley). "Musical and Personal Recollections during Half a Century." By Henry Phillips (Skeet). "Mazzini, Autobiography and Works." Translated. Vol. I., Autobiographical and Political (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

Fiction and Juvenile Works.—"The Nun" (La Religieuse). By the Abbé —. "Breakers Ahead." A Novel. (Bentley.) "More Secrets than One." By Henry Holl. "Strathearn." By Charles Allston Collins. (Low.) "Thoughts from a Girl's Life." By Mary Rivers. "A Book of Golden Deeds." (Macmillan.) "The Man in Chains." By C. J. Collins. (J. Maxwell.) "Rivington Priory." A Novel. By Ethel Hone. "A Piece of Bread." From the French of M. Jean Mace. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. "Mr. Christopher Katydid." A Tale. Edited by Mark Heywood. (Saunders & Otley.) "The Silver Age." By Holme Lee. "Darkest before Dawn." By the Author of "The Cruellest Wrong of All." (Smith & Elder.) "Strife and Rest." A Novel. By the Author of "Agnes Home." (Tinsley.)

Horticultural Works.—"The Rose Book. A Practical Treatise on the Culture of the Rose." By Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S. (Groombridge.)

Geographical and Topographical Works.—"Aque Solis. Notices of Roman Bath; being a Description of all the Roman Remains found in and around the City." By the Rev. H. M. Scarth, M.A. (Peach, Bath). "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains; with a Visit to the Gold Fields of Colorado." By Maurice O'Connor Morris (Smith & Elder.)

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Bauer (L.), Lectures on Orthopædic Surgery. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Bell's English Poets. New edit.—Ben Jonson. Fcap., 1s.
 Bellars & Davie's Standard Guide to Postage-stamp Collecting. 2nd edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Browning (Robert), Dramatis Personæ: Poems. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.
 Calendar of State Papers.—Charles I., 1634-5. Edited by J. Bruce. Royal 8vo., 15s.
 Chambers' (T. K.) Lectures. Chiefly Clinical. 8vo., 14s.
 Combe (G.), The Constitution of Man. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Conington's Tables of Qualitative Analysis. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Coulthart (J. R.), Equation Interest Tables. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Dammann (Karl), German Accidence. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Dobson (W.), Rambles by the Ribble. 1st Series. Fcap., 1s.
 Evans (J. C.), Boys' First Verse Book. Part III. 12mo., 4s.
 Franklin (Benjamin), Life and Times, by J. Parton. 2 vols. 8vo., 21s.
 Frazer (W.), Treatment of Diseases of the Skin. Fcap., 3s.
 Gatty (Mrs.), Parables from Nature, illustrated. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Hayes (W.), Concise Conveyancer. 2nd edit. Royal 12mo., 18s.
 Heilmann (A.), Materials for Translating English into German. 3rd edit. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
 Hock (L.), Crinoline and its Bissexile Phases. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Lalor (J.), England among the Nations. Cr. 8vo., 3s.
 Lancaster (W.), Eclogues and Melodrams. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Lund (T.), Commercial Euclid. 2nd edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Morrin (J.), Calendar of Patent and Close Rolls of Chancery in Ireland. Royal 8vo., 11s.
 Nation (W. H. C.), Sketches from Life. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Nevins (B.), Prescribers' Pharmacopæia. 2nd edit. 32mo., 3s. 6d.
 Pepys (Lady C.), Thoughts of Home. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Post Office Directory of Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, &c. Royal 8vo., 30s.
 Practical Guide to Switzerland. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 ——— (condensed), for France, Belgium, and the Rhine. 5th edit. 12mo., 1s.
 Quits, by the Author of "The Initials." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Reid (Captain Mayne), The Maroon. Fcap., 2s.
 Rowcroft (C.), Footprints in Foreign Lands. Fcap., 1s.
 Sermons Preached at Cambridge during Lent, 1864, by the Bishop of Oxford, &c. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Strickland (C. W.), Cottage Construction and Design. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Tavinna, and other Poems. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Theory (The) of the Exchanges. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Thomas (D.), Genius of the Gospel: St. Matthew. 8vo., 15s.
 Tovey (C.), British and Foreign Spirits. 12mo., 7s. 6d.
 Trial (The); or, More Links in the Daisy Chain, by Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Tuckerman (H. T.), America and her Commentators. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Virgil's Georgics, with Notes by J. E. Sheridan. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 ——— Bucolics, with Notes by R. Galbraith and H. Oregon. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Wanted—a Home. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Walford's Shilling Knightage, 1864. 32mo.
 ——— Baronetage, 1864. 32mo.
 ——— Peerage, 1864. 32mo.
 ——— House of Commons. 32mo.
 What to do with the Cold Mutton. 3rd edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Wieseler (K.), Chronological Synopsis of the Gospels. 8vo., 13s.
 Wright (T.), Roll of Arms of the Princes, Barons, &c., who attended King Edward I. to the Siege of Caerlaverock. 4to., 18s.
 Zander (Dr. A.), The Ophthalmoscope; its Varieties and Use. Royal 8vo., 8s.

THE LONDON REVIEW

POLITICS, SOCIETY, LITERATURE, ART, & SCIENCE.
Published every Saturday. 32 pages. Price Fourpence.

CONTENTS OF NO. 204, MAY 28, 1864:—

REVIEW OF POLITICS.

Denmark must be Saved.
The French Emperor's Game.
The Times and the Newspaper Press Fund.
A Philosopher on Street Music.
Pauper Idiots and their Treatment.
An Editor in a Wine Cellar.
Horse-flesh in London.—No. I.
The Derby.

Public Schools Commission.—No. III.
Our University Letter.

THE CHURCH:—

The Religious Condition of Southwark.

FINE ARTS:—

The Royal Academy.
Music.
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Victor Hugo on Shakespeare.
Perles d'Orient.
Late Laurels.
Primeval Antiquities.
The Life of Laurence Sterne.
A Tropical Voyage.
Expeditions on the Glaciers.
Our House and Garden.
The Study of the Physical Sciences.
Dwellers on the Threshold; or, Magic and Magicians.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

All Back Numbers of the LONDON REVIEW may be had direct from the Office on receipt of Stamps, or from any Newsagent.

The LONDON REVIEW can also be had, bound in cloth, as follows:—
Vol. I., 10s.; Vol. II., 13s.; Vol. III., 16s.; Vol. IV., 16s.; Vol. V., 16s.; Vol. VI., 10s. 6d. Vol. VII. (July to December, 1863) is now ready, price 10s. 6d.

Cases for binding the Volumes, and Reading Cases, price 1s. 6d. each, may also be had.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S-HALL.
ERNST'S CONCERT, on MONDAY Evening Next, JUNE 6th, under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales

Pianoforte, Mr. CHAS. HALLÉ. Violin, Herr JOACHIM and M. WIENIAWSKI.
Violoncello, Signor PIATTI.
Vocalists, Mesdames LESCHITZKY and MEYER-DUSTMAN, and Mr. SIMS REEVES.
Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.

Tickets and Programmes at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

The SECOND EXHIBITION of PLANTS, FLOWERS, and FRUIT, will take place on SATURDAY Next, June 11th.

Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by orders from Subscribers, price 5s., or on the Exhibition Day, 7s. 6d. each.
Gates open at 2 o'clock.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. The next ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held under the Presidency of Sir C. LYELL, F.R.S., &c., at Bath, commencing on Sept. 14th. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Local Secretaries at Bath (C. MOORE, Esq., C. E. DAVIS, Esq., Rev. H. H. WINWOOD), or to the Assistant General Secretary, G. GRIFFITH, Esq., Oxford.

Members and others who wish to obtain information about the local arrangements are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries at Bath.

EGYPTIAN-HALL, PICCADILLY.—Now ON VIEW, CROMWELL with his FAMILY, painted by CHARLES LUCY. Open from 10 till 5.

EGYPTIAN-HALL, PICCADILLY.—Now ON VIEW, SELOUS' GREAT PICTURE of the CRUCIFIXION (16 feet by 10), containing 300 figures, the city of ancient Jerusalem, with its temples, palaces, and public buildings, the Mount of Olives, and the scenery round about. (Mr. John Bowden's descriptive Lecture at 12, 2, and 4 daily.) Open from 10 till 5.

EGYPTIAN-HALL, PICCADILLY.—Now ON VIEW, CARL WERNER'S 30 original DRAWINGS of JERUSALEM, Bethlehem, and the Holy Places. Open from 10 till 5.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—On SATURDAY, 11th JUNE, 1864, CHEAP TRAINS WILL RUN FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS STATION), by the Midland Railway Company's Route, to the undermentioned Stations, leaving

	At 10.15 A.M. for		First Class.		Cov. Car.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Matlock-Bath, Bakewell, Burton, Chesterfield	20	0	10	0		
Masboro', Sheffield, Cudworth, Wakefield, Normanton, York	21	0	10	6		
Hull	25	0	12	6		
Leeds, Bradford, Keighley, Skipton, Colne	21	0	10	6		
Settle, Lancaster, Morecambe	21	0	12	6		
And at 2.20 P.M. for						
Leicester	14	0	7	0		
Burton, Loughboro', Trent, Nottingham, Derby	15	0	7	6		
Mansfield, Southwell	16	0	8	0		
Newark, Lincoln	18	0	9	0		

RETURNING ON WEDNESDAY, 15th JUNE.

For times of returning, &c., see small bills, which may be obtained at the Midland Booking Office, King's Cross Station, or at any of the Company's receiving offices.

Tickets may be obtained on the two days previous to the running of the Train, at the Midland Booking Office, King's Cross Station, and at the Castle and Falcon, Nos. 4 and 6, Falcon-square; also on the day of the running of the Train, at King's Cross Station only. An early application for them is particularly requested.
Derby, June, 1864. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

THE LONDON AND VENEZUELA BANK

(Limited).

Incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862.

Capital £250,000, in 10,000 Shares of £25 each (with power to increase).

First issue, 5,000 Shares.

It is proposed that no more than £25 per share shall be called up, but that any further capital required shall be raised by additional issues of shares, and that the then shareholders shall have a preferential right to allotment pro rata with their holdings.

£1 per share to be paid on application, and £4 on allotment.

Calls will not exceed £5 per share, at intervals of not less than three months.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON.

Henry Alers Hankey, Esq., London, Chairman.
F. Herbert Hemming, Esq., Consul-General of Venezuela, London.
Elias Mocatta, Esq., London, Managing Director.
Alfred W. Powles, Esq., Consul for Venezuela (A. W. Powles & Co.), Liverpool.
Giacomo Servadio, Esq., Venezuelan Consul for Italy, and Director of the Bank of Caracas, London.
David Wilson, Esq. (Wilson, Worcester, & Co.), Cannon-street, London.

DIRECTORS IN VENEZUELA.

H. L. Boulton, Esq. (H. L. Boulton & Co.), Caracas and La Guayra.
Frederick Braasch, Esq. (Syers, Braasch, & Co.), Caracas and La Guayra.
Carl Hahn, Esq. (Carl Hahn & Co.), Consul-General for Belgium, Managing Director of the Bank of Caracas, Caracas.
John Röhl, Esq. (Rüete, Röhl, & Co.), Consul-General for Hamburg, and Consul for the Brazils, Caracas, and La Guayra.

BANKERS.

London (The Agra Bank, Cannon-street, E.C.

Masterman, Peters, & Co.

Liverpool—North-Western Bank (Limited).

SOLICITORS—Messrs. Kimber & Ellis, 1, Lancaster-place, Strand.

BROKERS.

London—Lewis H. Haslewood, Esq., Founder's-court, Lothbury.

Liverpool—Messrs. Taunton & Co.

AUDITORS—Messrs. Quilter, Ball, & Co., 3, Moorgate-street, E.C.

SECRETARY PRO TEM.—V. de Tivoli, Esq.

TEMPORARY OFFICES—7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The London and Venezuela Bank has for its proposed operations a ground unoccupied, and is most urgently required. Preliminary negotiations have been in progress for some months, and the project has been submitted to the judgment of the most eminent Venezuelan merchants, and has met with their unqualified approval. Support is promised in highly influential quarters, and the directors are assured that the privilege of issuing bank-notes will be accorded by the Government.

The banking facilities hitherto have been very, very limited, but the fact that the Bank of Caracas, which will now merge into this, has—despite restricted means—earned a profit exceeding 30 per cent. per annum, leaves no doubt of the success of this undertaking.

The want of an Exchange Bank in Venezuela occasions the utmost inconvenience. This Bank will supply the want; and it is certain this branch must be highly remunerative.

The principal control will be vested in the Directors in England. They will select a manager, who on his arrival will have the advice of the Directors in Venezuela, who are Europeans of high standing, and well known in connection with Venezuelan trade and finance.

Full prospectuses and forms of application may be procured of the bankers, solicitors, brokers, or secretary, at the offices of the Company, where the Articles of Association may be inspected and every information obtained.

THE EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY issue Guarantee

Policies or Bonds, at reduced rates of premium, on behalf of Officials in or under the Treasury, Customs, Inland Revenue, General Post Office, Board of Trade, War Office, Admiralty, the Home, Colonial, and India Offices, Poor Law Board, Office of Her Majesty's Works, &c., and other Public Departments.

Every facility will be given to substitute the bonds of this Society in lieu of existing securities.

Life Assurance in all its branches at moderate rates, with or without participation in profits.

Life Assurance combined with Guarantee on terms most advantageous to the assured.

Immediate Annuities granted at the undermentioned ages for every £100 of purchase money.

	Age 50 years.	Age 60 years.	Age 70 years.
Annuity.....	£7. 17s. 6d.	£10. 3s. 4d.	£14. 16s. 2d.

Forms of proposal, prospectuses, and agency applications may be obtained from the Head Office, 2, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, London.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1824.

All persons who effect Policies on the Participating Scale before June 30th, 1864, will be entitled at the Next Bonus to one year's additional Share of Profits over later Assurers.

Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposal, and the last Report showing the financial position of the Society, can be obtained from any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.

13, St. James's-square, London, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES at DEANE'S.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.

DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture, strongly plated.

DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, Cake Baskets, &c.

DEANE'S—Dish-Covers and Hot Water Dishes, Tin Dish-covers, in Sets, 18s. 30s., 40s., 63s., 78s.

DEANE'S—Papier Maché Tea Trays, in Sets, from 21s., new and elegant patterns.

DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with Loyse's and other patent improvements.

DEANE'S—Copper and Brass Goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans, Stock-pots, &c.

DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome stock.

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.

DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.

DEANE'S—Bedsteads, in Iron and Brass, with Bedding of Superior quality.

DEANE'S—Register Stoves, improved London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.

DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice-poles, a great variety of patterns.

DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Culinary Utensils.

DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., well-made, strong, and serviceable.

DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, and Wire Work.

DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly-designed patterns in Glass and Bronze, 3-light glass, 63s.

DEANE'S—Harness, Saddles, and Horse-clothing manufactured on their own premises.

New ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and Priced FURNISHING LIST, Post-free.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1700.

DEANE & CO., The Monument, London Bridge.